Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

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Rob: Hu

POEMS.

BY

John Cleaveland.

With Additions, never before Printed.

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TO THE STATE of LOVE, OR The Senſes Feſtival.

I Saw a Viſion yeſter-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers-ſight*:
I wiſht my ſelf a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulſe my trembling Sphear:
It was a ſhee ſo glittering bright,
You'd think her ſoul an *Adamite*,
A perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with' ſame,
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her
Not the fair Abbeſs of the skies
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can Shew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet, becauſe 'tis more renown
To make a ſhaddow ſhine, ſhe's brown;
A brown for which heaven would disband
The Galaxye, and ſtars be tann'd,
Brown by reflection, as her eye;
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſs,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th' office of a burning-glaſs
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms;)
I now empale her in mine arms,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſs too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about theſe hurl'd,
With *Drake* I compaſs in the World;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would the center take my ſence,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſs that ſips
The gelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet there is no tongue can prais't;
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privy Seals to take up hearts;

Our

Our mouths encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence
As twin-conſerves of eloquence,
The ſweet perfume her breath affords,
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this votreſs needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight our ſpeech doth enter?
It is a kiſs o'th' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſamond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear
Yet that's but a preludious bliſs:
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſs.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies whine, and victorie hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
(That Baron *Tell clock* of the night,)
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* Knight.
Then have at all, the paſs is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not dy upon the ſpot?

FUSCARA, or the BEE errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchymie*,
The still of his refining Mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The airy Freebooters distreins
First on the Violet of her veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off;
That pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the world's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a gelly glov'd.
Here while his canting drone pipe scann'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortunes telling lives:

He bathes in bliſs and finds no odds
Betwixt her Nectar and the Gods;
He pearches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare:
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
In oculate Carnation:
Her *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd
From hence he to the woodbine bends,
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſions on the three,
Like a thick branching Pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers;
It is the Roſe that bleeds when he
Nibles his nice Phlebetomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a braceſet 'bout her arm.
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Turning his draughts with drouſy hums,
As *Danes* carrowſe by Kettle Drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd,
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd:
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,

The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſigns
To find her undiſcovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize;
Which when he had in vain aſſaid;
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade,
With *Spaniſh* pike he broach't a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees there's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a Balſome too:
But oh! What Waſp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love?*
The King of Bees now jealous grown,
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes and ſtate of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpital, the Combs
Build rank and file like beads mens rooms,
And what they bleed, but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Honey all, the envious elf
Stung her, 'cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſs and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
The *Bee* committed paricide,

To

To JULIA to expedite her promiſe.

SInce 'tis my Doome, Love's under-Shrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my ſhe-Advowſon fly
Incumbency?
Panting expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joyns,
They're *Hymens* Monkeys, which he tyes by th'
To play (alas) but at rebated Foyns, (loyns,
To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus indoubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the Market fails;
Your Sex lives faſter than the Males,
As if to meaſure Age's ſpan
The ſober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
Whil'ſt you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortreſs ever ſtand
If't be not mann'd?
The Siege ſo gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy face:
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt (like *Oſtend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Delivery.

The

The Candidates of *Peter*'s chair
must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a cough
to help them off;
But when I wo thus old and spent,
I'le wed by will and Testament.
No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd
Are but gay Furlows for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me,
is Legacy;
Not one of all these rav'nous hours
but the devours.
And though thou still recruited be,
Like *Pelops* with soft Ivory;
Though thou consume but to renew;
Yet Love, as Lord doth claim a Herriot due.
That's the best quick thing I can finde of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe,
by that soft gripe.
And those regealing chrystal sphears,
I hold thy tears
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets;
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)
Moves the *Bethesday* of her trickling eys
To cure the spittle world of maladies.

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye Beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the looſe wits, & let the Muſe be ſplaid;
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the India's,
Of ſhrine, Saint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text deſeats your Art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſilled Metaphers of Pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travell by their bowels ſpun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their Journy in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own Eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a ſoaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* ſtaffe to take the height,
Suppoſe an Angel carting through the air,
Should there incounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth *Gammat* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor finde an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Metals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearls and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Only I ſay ſhe's not as others are:
For what perfections we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other forms ſeem in reſpect of thee.
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* give the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*;
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſack'd ſigns in their ſtrange cha-
As the Philoſophers to every ſence (racter.
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a Polygamy withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call:
So is't with her who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action
The ſame beam heats, and lights; to ſee her well
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmell.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes
When each of hers contains a double prize,
Venus'es apple? can the eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well-tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel,
Which ſpares the bodies ſheath, & melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſs, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence,
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye!
In whom, ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his ſixt!
Thou man of mouth that canſt not name a She
Unleſs all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Muskcat verſe
Voids not but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent,
Can in her boſome find it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come, and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpells the ſtars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Phyſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wit, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Phyſicians: call her the *Square* circle, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, ſay't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fancy ſo, as to incloſe her praiſe:
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperboleys are here but ſacriledge.
Then rouz up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor Mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:
She that commits a rape on every ſence.
Whoſe breath can countermad a peſtilence,
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſs,
And makes the world, but her Periphraſis.

Upon

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN,
Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus,
We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Africk* never bred nor ſwelling
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare (*Greece*
No *Lectures* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fair
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties. (vies
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights,
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this Bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike fea-
Like *Valentine* & *Orſon* bound together. (ther,
Spurs Repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthur's Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſs of all,
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpital.

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might wel have answered at the Font for *Smeck*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie?
Metall on metall is false Herauldry.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions, though eccentrick, state the cause
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never loaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high;
Is *Tom* twice dipt, Knight of a double Dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my Pen's the ſpout,
Where the Rain water of mine eyes run out,
In pity of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrography:
The Muſes are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.* (on't
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes up-
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter the *Heleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
To guide the ſtreams; but (like the waves their cauſe)
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpacious virtue finde a grave
Within th' impoſthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſs
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſs.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſs wonder than thy ſelf was thought

The famous *Stagirite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy fate and Predeceſſours ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The Sea can parallel in ſhape and kind:
Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in
Neptune hath got an Univerſity. (thee
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality.
Shall welcome ſtorms, & make the ſea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now, more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire;
Both elements or ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſs
To underſtand the greatneſs of our loſs,
Be pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning as our ſorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l iſſu'e forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas
We floating Iſlands living *Hebrides*.

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who 'twas, that when the waves began to ſwell,
The Ship to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[*Maſter we periſh*] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept
Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? ſince I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Veſſel ſteer'd
With hands bolt up to heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf-ſame journey in a watry one.

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together;
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſs,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſs.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine
With water that is feminine,
Until the chooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*.
In a grave ſolemnity;
For man and wife make but one right
Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravell thy body, and I finde
In every limb a double kinde.
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then endure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparrel
In *Regulus* his nailed barrel:

But

But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring of his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon:
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy neither beards deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſs with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found?
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This is the Siſter, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands my ear ſtill fancies,
The Nuptial ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlars pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
His Plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle, that the Warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor it't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not the heart.
Nay, thoſe which modeſtly can mean,
And dare not ſpeak, are Epicœne;
That gamſter needs muſt overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did natures mintage vary;
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authors

HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randloph's *death, yet inſerted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſs then Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds ſcales are even: what the main
In one gets place, another quits again.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt;
Slice one in two, to keep her number juſt:

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name;
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who, 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute,
The *Theban* Wittall when he once deſcries,
Jove in his rival, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees
A health to Hans en Kelder *Hercules.*
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And ſhal not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both arms and brains;
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſts have natural ſons? ſay *Og*, is't meet,
Pennance bear date, after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being ther's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawful iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But

But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe, like an exſpenſive Lord
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp:
And ſtill there's hopes't may prove his baſtard
But I'me profane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th' body joyn'd, but parted in the Head (Chair.
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoe're you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſs the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of the Poetry. (mine
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this verſe is male, but
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine;
Wee'l part the child, & yet commit no ſlaughter
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame profeſſors of the Sword!
Who in the chair ſtate Duels, whoſe black word Be-

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too (and do.
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friend;
Who are an whole Court Martial in your drink
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but part out valour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th'Oracle of the Glaſs:
Then (like our zeal drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings & God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, & ſwear & eat:
Whilſt you aplaud thoſe murders wch you teach
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Mere booty ſouls! who bids us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies? (gain,
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure
Mere providence to hear a *Compton*'s ſlain,
A name they dearly hate, & juſtly ſhould (blood
They lov't'twer worſ their love would taint the
Blood always true, true as their ſwords & cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wilde Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move,
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love: (grave
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a
And fears a Death more ſhameful than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink,
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be ſober) Is it valour? ſay!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your luſts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of, as ſoon as done.

Square Cap:

COme hither *Apollo*'s bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A Cambridge-Laſs, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half fill'd Jug of barly broth; (froth
She ſhe's my Miſtreſs, her ſuiters are many,
But ſhee'l have a *Square cap* if ere ſhe have any.
And firſt, for the Pluſh ſake the *Monmouth-cap* comes,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tells her that after the death of his Grannam
He ſhall have God knows what *per annum*:
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Thin

Thin Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads (on;
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhi-
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a ſi-
And making a chappel of eaſe of her lap, (ſter;
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satten-cap* ſcouts about, (marry
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe induction by Simony.
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and seisin of thee; (on,
But peace *John a-nokes*, and leave your Orati-
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-be;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a Morning before Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East.
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees (like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,)
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
(Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,)
Revive, and at her general dole
Each receives his antient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Matins: and the Fan

Of

Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid
Unto their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice,
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May finde it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face,
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gaudy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue and doth diſplay;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
Theſe Miracles had crampt the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
(Like lattice-windows) give the ſpye
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Leſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bid us all good night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſs?

And

And that they might her foot steps straw
Drop their leaves with shivering awe,
Phillis perceives, (and left her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
With drew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feast, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud,
And what delight she took in th'invitation,
Strives to cast o're again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the train band of dishes, usher'd there
To shew their postures, and then *as* they were.
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He wil afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,
Our weapons not for service but for sight,
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a limner for to view, not eat?
Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

What ever feasts be made are summ'd up here,
His table vies not standing with his chear.
His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this meal are all.
And not transcrib'd, but in th' Original
Christmas is is no feast moveable; for lo!
The self-same dinner was ten years a go;
'Twill be immortal, if it longer stay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while unless my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted, I'le cut of th' intail. (ton,
Saint George for England then, have at the Mut-
When the first cut call's me bloud thirsty glutton
What *Ajax* with his anger-quodl'd brain,
Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roft,
I lamentably butcher up mine hoft:
Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it serves his Capon,
Cut a Gooſe leg, and the poor soul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard the abominable sport,
A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?
The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
'Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes,
But still we slash them in a thousand shapes:
Our serving-men, like Spaniels range, to spring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
To pork he pleads a superstition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we should have none, had he his wish;
The Oranges i'th' margent of the dish,
He with such Hucksters, tells them o're and o're;
Th'*Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten, now into dispair,
Having nought else to do, he falls to pray'r.
As though d'dst once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull, (beef
Defend my Rump great *Jove*, grant this poor
May live to comfort me in all my grief,
But no *Amen* was said. See, see! it comes; (drums.
Draw Boys, let trumpets sound, and strike up
See, how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
And every trencher has a limb of him; (deeper
The Venson's now in view, our hounds spend
Strange Dear, which in the Pasty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his guest
(As he hath stole: alive) to steal it drest!
The scent was hot and we pursuing faster,
Then *Ovids* pack of Dogs e're chac'd their Ma-
A double prey at once may seize upon (ster:
Actæon and his Case of Venison:
Thus was he torn alive: to vex him worse,
Death serves him up now as a second course.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A

A young Man to an Old Woman Courting him.

PEace Beldame *Eve*, ſurceaſe thy ſuit;
Ther's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Meddlers whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity!
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate.
A match with thee, thy bridgroom fears
Would be thought intereſt in his years.
Which when compar'd with thine, become
Odd mony to thy Grandom ſum.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about this year.
December meeting *Januveer*.
Th' Ægiptian Serpent figures time,
Aud ſtript, returns unto his prime.
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglypick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack;
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of faſhion, as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy fornication's claſſicall.

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leero and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'm no tranſlatour have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſs you'l grant the Tailors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear clothes that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh.
Like Aldermen, and Monſter-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs and velvet ſleevs.
And juſt ſuch diſcords there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight.*
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthful ſins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend my vows.
When Ætna's *fires ſhall undergo*
The pennance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th' heavens ſhall ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sybil) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all theſe ſmiles do hold
In my young heat, and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy blood.
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy page,
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Periwig be call'd.
I'le never be ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. *K. T.* who askt him why he was Dumb.

STay ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain ſhould be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'l tell you how I did become
Lo ſtrangely (as you hear me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man;
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is the only way to catch their cold:

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As the Engliſh dialect would vary.
The goodneſs of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am chekt,
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpy
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute;
For, leaſt they cancell all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *Ela* to my eyes
Where it gets hail, and in that ſence
Begins a new found Eloquence:
Oh! liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes endite;
Or (Lady) ſince its in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kiſſe

Kiſs once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My muſe ſhall write with hand maids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſs now confines,
But means to ſpeak the reſt by ſigns.

A Fair NYMPH ſcorning a black BOY *Courting her.*

Nymph STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoke, hence may be gueſs'd
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,
Surer than yours thats of white paper.
Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear,
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is fraid,
If thou ſhould interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new falſ Mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kiſs.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight;
To chequer limbs with black and white:
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſs.
Our nuptial bed will make a preſs;
And in our ſports if any came
They'l read a wanton Epigrame.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with tears.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſs tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Than waſh the Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon the &c. in the OATH.

SIr *Roger*, from a Zealous piece of Freez,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may by ſtrict account,
To twenty Nobles and his vails amount,
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So ſhotten, that his Soul like to himſelf
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to cudgels with the Oath.

The

The Quarrel was, a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter
&c. (God bleſs us) which they conſter
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocrypha's*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolators o'th' Letter:
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his weavers beam:
I ſay to thee, *&c.* thou liſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babel*, for who will not ſay,
Tongues were confounded in *&c?*
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oaths at once,
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple ſconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds.
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurſt, *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent,
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker, Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault, wherein the infernal plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the oath and ye ſhall ſoon deſcry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*. (ber,
Yet here's not all I cannot half untruſs
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd!
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his ſkew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear;
Eor ('tis to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A *York-ſhire* wea-bit longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd and by Gods-diggers
He'l ſwear in words at large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid oath:
His brother pledg'd hm, and that bloody wine
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all *&c.*

SMECTYMNUUS, Or the CLUB-DIVINES.

SMectymnuus the Goblin made me ſtart?
'th' name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriak;

Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welch*? what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built!
Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes
Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?
Out brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile;
The Saints monopoly, the Zealots cluster,
Which like a Porcupine presents a muster,
And shoots his Quils at Bishops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly shown
The twelve Apostle on the cherry-stone;
Thus faction's Al-a Mode in treasons fashion;
Now we have heresie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quizots* Rosary of slaves.
Strung on a chain; a Murnival of knaves.
Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which sit all on a sid:
So the vain Satyrists stand all a row;
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diarisis*, half one another,
He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
Must both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his side
Into a fivefold *Lazar*'s multipli'd
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gissard;
Five faces lurk under one single vizard.

The

The whore of *Babylon*, left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavelkind*.
I think *Pythagoras*'s ſoul is rambl'd hither.
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her general wardrobe, ſhe'le not dare
To think of him, as of a thorough-fare:
He ſtops the Goſſiping Dame alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempſychoſis*.
Like a Scotch mark, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe and ſhrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joyns in the ſame:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpel'd,
Into one man are monoſyllabel'd,
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee! how cloſs the curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in quire, and ſcann'd their feet;
One Cure and five incumbents leap a truſs
The title ſure muſt be litigious!
The Sadduces would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at the Reſurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their ſuperſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be ſeſſors, that's the cauſe
She cleft her hoof into ſo many claws,) May

May tire their carret-bunch, yet n•re agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Pole-mony.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
(As who disdain'd to murder by retail,)
Wiſhing the world had but one general neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in
No eccho can improve the Author more (*Smek.*
Whoſe lungs pay uſe on uſe to half a ſcore.
No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder, and his hand.
Some Welchman were his Godfather, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy, (way,
The Banes were ask,d, would but the time give
Betwixt *Semctymnuus* and *Et cætera.*
The Gueſts invited by a friendly ſummons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons
The Prieſt to ty the Foxes tails together,
Moſely, or *Sancta clara*, chooſe you whether.
See, what an off-ſpring every one expects!
What ſtrange pluralities of men and ſects?
One ſayes he'l get a Veſtery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:
Faith! cry St. *George*, let them go to't and ſtickle,
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions caterwaul and ſpight
Which uſes to divorce might once unite.
But their croſs fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride diſplaid.
My task is done all my he-Goats are milkt?
So many cards i'th' ſtock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable, to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Only kneel down & take your fathers bleſſing;
May the *Queen Mother* juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt-Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod! an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbit'ry, where Lay-men guid
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their ſide.
Who askt the Banes twixt theſe diſcolor'd mates
A ſtrange Groteſco this, the Church and States
Moſt divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue,
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir.
By picture, when the Parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dappled Son,
You chequering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled, and ring-ſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whoſe ſcarlet coat is with a Caſſock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royſton* crowes, who are as (I may ſay)
Friers of both the orders, *black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's
A Lair of *Burgess*, or a Layre of *Vicar*. (thicker
Have they usurp'd what Royal *Judah* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the cripple state. And wer't not pity
But both should serve the yard wand of the City,
That *Isaac* might stroke his beard, and sit
Judge of εἰς ἅδου and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn
The Miscelany satyr and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at their Resurrection. (story
Strange scarlet Doctors these, they'l pass in
For sinners half refin'd in purgatory,
Or parboild Lobsters where there joyntly rules
The fading sables, and the coming gules;
The flea that *Falstaf* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose:
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stile*, that *John-a-nokes*.
Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
With an old neck-verse to distinguish either;
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be
Sacriledge matcht with codpiece symony;

be

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-woolſie Veſtry men.
Forbear good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwaring
And theſe Drum-Major oaths, of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Piercies* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
He'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See! they obey the Magick of my words:
Preſto, they'r gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hag
But with three teeth like to a triple gag,
A Jigg, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance, (brace
Twiſs blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving
Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitful girle, if he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis nere the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſs cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*
Like the full moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy
If they two truck together it 'twill not be
A Child-birth but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Then in all this there Jewiſh *Sanedrim*:
Whoſe Cannons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſs go yok'd in the ſame plough.
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſe*, *Brock's* Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water and earth makes but one Globe a Round-head.
Is Clergy-lay, *Parte-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Diſguiſe.

AND why a Tennant to this vile diſguiſe (eys?
Wch who but ſees, blaſphems thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh! for a ſtate diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my ſoveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe
His ruins proves him a Religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal ſtamp.
It's not enough thy dignities inthrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blasks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin.
Spun of his countries darkneſs lin't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod ſable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ladder mould:
This Privy-chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the Cloſe-mourner of thy Royalty:
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A pearl within a rugged oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Miniſter of thy Perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations;
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſet doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room:
Or like the Colledge by the Changeling rabble,
Mancheſters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the ſacriledge of thine attire, (one
By which th'art half depos'd: thou look'ſt like
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance;

Angel

Angel of light and darkneſs too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charls and his Mask are of a different Mint;
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd:
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud.
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is but ſubtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-web wizzard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen:
Nor a falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metal and three pil'd darkneſs, like the ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame: 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp the *Warwick caſtle* Vote
Rang *Britains* Corfeu, ſo our light went out,
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lorus name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the body Politick.
Falſe beard enough to fit a Stages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y're not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libell is his dreſs, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines attelt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before it is ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would fell a wind,
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the barque, which at the voiage end
Shifts poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious Scar.
Nor ſink thy skuller with a man of War.
The black mouth'd *Si-quis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As temples uſe to have their Porches wrought,
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraictures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited; the like is here.

But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clerk of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark myſterious dreſs,
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in its dusky types.
Such a Text-royall, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You

You that damn more then ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't he ſcapes your inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Briſtol-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches ſo torment,
Till they confeſs a guilt, though innocent.
Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St, *Peter* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: What Scriptures call
The Revelation is moſt myſtical.
Mount then thou ſhadow-royal, and with haſt
Advance thy morning-Star, *Charls* overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey contradictions twiſt,
And force fair weather from a Scottiſh miſt;
Heavens Confeſſor's are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſages
To interpret Eclips thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread and clouted ſhooes.

The Rebell SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew?
Then Madam Nature wears black patches too?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus,
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A poet should be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
To see his country sick of *Pims* disease,
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey,
To such *Fig Wiggin Mirmydons* as they? (quote
But that there's charm in verse, I would not
The name of *Scot* without an antidote,
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there, that might be poison too.
Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note
Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth Ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:
Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull.
Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
Yet to express a *Scot* to play that prize,
Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice,
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must (like *Hocas*) swallow daggers first.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'l not hurt you then. Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no venom ſince the *Scots* Plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt
The honeſt high-ſhooes, in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe
Nature herſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſs,
Making their Country ſuch a wilderneſs:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charls* come thence
But that *Montroſs*, and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned half the Land;
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiends on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's mellancholly dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his doom
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live, at Rovers and defie
This or that place; Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th' world, they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble, not to learn the mode
How to be dreſt or how to liſp abroad:
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No, the *Scots-Errant* fight and fight to eat; (*meat*
Their *Oſtrich-ſtomachs* make their *ſwords* their
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpents fatal ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our blood, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroke them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread
Nor Gold nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels

Rebels by yielding, doth like him (or worſe,)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypts* ſpoil?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard: but for them
The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem*! (cauſe
What would the Brethren do? the cauſe! the
Sack poſſets and the fundamental Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſs, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Lard & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeo-man go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gon,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandall to a ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian, that Heaven, did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done: A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their bones.

Tha

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Scotland-Gooſe.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhall the cheeks of fame
Stretch't, with the breadth of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of ſence
As rich in Loyalty as Eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymiſts tinctures prov'd adulterate;
The devil ſure, ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our unforewarned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impoſtor found out, to beſot
Th' experienc'd *Engliſh* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtful ſence,
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt perſiſtence in one good
Would ſpoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſin,
Was fit for the grand devils hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamy this ſuper-treaſon brings,
Blaſts more than murders of your *ſixty Kings*,
A crime ſo black, as being adviſ'dly done,
Thoſe hold with theſe no competition.

Kings

Kings onely ſuffered then ; in this doth lie
Th' Aſſaſſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t' attempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Till you were ſhrivel'd to duſt & your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd till Heaven plague you worſe:
Be objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bawded, ceaſe to be your friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traitors* though they hug the *Treaſon*;
And may their jealouſies encreaſe & breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*.
In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty and be
Reduc'd to beg, where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpital.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a guerdon for your traiterous war,
Live cheriſh'd only by the Northern ſtar.
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be, to all but baniſht men, as loſt. And

And such inhightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may awe.
No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet breſt, (beſt;
But each man ſtrive through blood to be the
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought
To ſum up all——let your Religion be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Until, when *Charls*, ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with *Epethites* of *good* and *juſt*;
He ſav'd, incenſed heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
Unleſs that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
(Whats eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative Knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times.
Faces about, ſayes the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon merit:
Huntington colt that pos'd the ſage Recorder,
Might be a ſturgeon now, and paſs by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elsings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another;
Could I but write a squint; then (Sir) long since
You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had observ'd the language of the dayes;
Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
With humble service, and such other Fustian,
Bells which rung backward in this great combustion.
I had revil'd you, and without offence
The Litral and *Equitable Sence* (do't
Would make it good, when all fails that will
Sure that distinction clost the Devils foot.
This were my dialect, would your Highness please
To read me but with Hebrew spectacles.
Interpret Counter, what is cross rehears'd:
Libels are commendation when revers'd:
Just as an Optique glass contracts the sight
At one end but when turn'd, doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir, you're doubly free
From the great guns, and squibbing Poetry
Whom neither *Bibo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.
Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail,
If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
At that known League where the bonny *Besses*
Supplí'd the bowstrings with their twisted tresses
Your spels could nere have fenc'd you, ev'ry arow
Had lanc'd your noble breast & drunk the marrow;
For beauty like white powder makes no noise,
And yet the silent hypocrit destroys;) Then

Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity;
Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids and such
The *General* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Essex*, is it not a shame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may she be
Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse like a Green-sickness Girl,
Feed'st thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
Than to that Ass did once the thistle sallat,
Then quit the barren theam, and all at once
Thou and thy sisters, like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum. *Rupert*! one
Whose name is with superfætation:
Makes fancy, like æternities round womb,
Unite all valour, present, past, to come.
He who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of souls:
He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
The wonders of their age, constellate here.
And as the elder sister, growth and sence
(Souls paramount themselves) in man com-
But faculty of Reasons Queen, no more (mence
Are they to him, who were compleat before,
Ingredients of his virtue. Thread the beads
Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompey*, and the *Sweeds*,
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vast Triumvirat is spand.

Here,

Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read (bleed.
How long the world shall live, and when't shall
What ever man winds up, that *Ruperts* hath,
For nature rais'd him of the *Publique Faith*,
Pandora's brother to make up whose store,
The gods were fain to run upon the score,
Such as the Painters Breve for *Venus* face,
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*:
Let *Isaac* and his Citts flay off the plate
That tips their Antlers for the calf of State;
Let the zeal-twanging nose that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge,
Yes, and the gossip-spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self want paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir, for that ignoble crew (you,
Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales, with
As he who in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shadow* made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious: light is dim,
And a black nothing, when compar'd to him.
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil.
And a just trophee to be made his spoil.
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe (hears
The Conquests which the Common-Council
With their wide list'ning mouth from the great
That ran a way in triumph: such a foe (Peers
Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leavs it a drawn match: whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet like the Angels at the last,
Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
T'was the mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man,
(As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whose right hand should a populous Land con-
The left should be a chanel to the Main (tain:
His spirit might imforme th' amphibious figure,
Yet strait-lac'd swears for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whose name can out of seven
(like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven,
Thus some grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being slain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confess no loss of men,
For *Rupert* knocks them till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even the his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the scraps which *Lunsford* make
Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes:
Who, name but *Charls*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*;
'Gainst whom th'ave several Articles in souse,
First that he barks against the sence oth'House,
Resolv'd Delinquent; to the Tower straight,
Either to th'Lions, or the Bishops Grate:

Ner

Next for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,
But there the ſiſterhood will be his bail,
At leaſt the Counteſs will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all Religions of the Game.
Thirdly, he ſmells intelligence, thats better,
And cheaper too than *Pim*'s, from his own letter,
Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder;
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring.
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter,
I'm but an inſtrumment, a mere S. *Arthur* (quarter
If I muſt hung, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis a like to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rebell fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'it 'tis nought,
What e're the accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn* and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Then when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we ſee,
Enjoy a Copyhold of Victory.
S. *Peters* ſhaddow heal'd; *Rupert* is ſuch (much:
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The cannons do but liſp and complement.

Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get his *Perſeus*; hence the fatal power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an Act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſs
Thou art the greater world, and that the leſs;
Scatter th'accumulative King, untruſs
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming ſword.
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears.
Old *Sibyl* charms the Toth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtill children; and the pond'rous curſe
The clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee*, *Rogue*, *how doſt thou do*!)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earl of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wiſe and valiant duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treaſon and convenience.

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*;
His Prince's neareſt joy and grief:
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd;
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechleſs ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

EXurge Cinis, tuumque, ſolus qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium,
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpiſti comprehendere,
Mactè & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicunda veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis,
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Capitum.
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias.
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro; fuit tam infensus Legibus,
ut prius legem quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex.
Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chymically weeps; that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th' brain.
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true for common formal Elegies,
Not *Bushells* wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-works he'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publik, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers; *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a Pencil to express the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?

There

There is no learning, but what tears ſurround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increas'd to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwells into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law-dough bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy*, whoſe doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
Ther's nothing lives: life is, ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus have you ſeen deaths Inventory read;
In the ſum totall ——*Canterburie's dead.*
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding eyes;
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours
(That which *Hyena* like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow brackiſh from their ſouls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles:
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers, as if he wept his beams.
How could ſucceſs ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*;
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecy.
The facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid;

Be dull, great ſpirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is ſin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry.

On *J. W.* A. B. of *York.*

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what thinkſt of this?
Chimera's real, *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorporate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly: let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his charms
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of error, this,
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſs
Before, from wonder and reproach; this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Lo here a general Metropolitan,
An Arch-prelatique Presbyterian;
Behold his pious garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo Maſtix* Grace; (brother,
A fair Blew-aprond Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd
One leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th'Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion;

Nor

Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth onely wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if you'l name him
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.* (right,
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th'abominable Miter faſt;
He ſtill retains the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place,
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying altars down to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! thine own ſon proves the forreſt bore:
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuccow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welch pedigree,
By thy warm foſt'ring bounty did divide:
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth parricide
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th'Monſter wch thy ſelf hadſt hatcht.
Diſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an antidote, (head
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venome he can ſpit, though's
Were chang'd from ſubtle gray to poys'nous red
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gon;
And chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought elſe did miſs
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whoſe foul unapparallel'd apoſtaſie,
Like to his ſacred character ſhall be
Indelible, when ages then of late
More hapy grown with moſt impartial fate,
A period to his dayes and times ſhall give,
He by ſuch Ephitaphs as this ſhall live!

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid*,
Who Gods Annointed *and his* Church *betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſpers,
And the wild Forreſter couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whiſpers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roſes crown'd:
Where ſhe before had ſent,
My wiſhes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the green;
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wontonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

Firſt on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feaſted,
Thence fear of ſurfeiting made me retire:

Next

Next on her warmer lips, which when I taſted,
My duller ſpirits made active as fire;
Than we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no ſmart:
Sweet lips and ſmiles between,
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glaſs to plate her amber treſſes,
Which like a bracelet rich decked my arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when as ſhe graces
Jove with embraces more ſtately than warm.
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes humour Chryſtaline;
I in her eyes was ſeen,
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Myſticall Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulſes the Phyſick of Love,
Rhetorical courtings and Muſical dances;
Numbring of kiſſes Arithmetick Prove,
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometrie:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharp and keen.
Never Marke Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

The Authours Mock-Song to *Mark Anthony*.

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto*'s *Mattins*:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at an howl:
When night-wandring Witches put on their pat-
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſ ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filty Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſt-
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire; (ed,
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſs what I mean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like Snakes ingendring were platted her treſſes;
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;

Ug-

Uglier then Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is Periwig'd with adders tail.
But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is Epicene.
Never did, &c.

Myſtical Magick of conjuring wrincles,
Feeling of pulſes, the Palmiſtry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twincles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags;
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her noſe weatherwiſe:
From them th'Almanack lys
Froſt, *Pond* and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto* news I undertake, (make:
New teacher of the town, I mean not to
No *New-England* voyage my Muſe does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bony fleet ſend:
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'le tell you ſome news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crouding to throw away fourty pound;
They'l now in their wives ſtammel Petticoats (vapour,
Without any need of an argument draper,
Beholding to none; he neither beſeeches,
This friend for Ven'ſon, nor t'other for ſpeeches,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees, who never had ſteeple;
Whoſe means like degrees, comes from places of (people
They come to the fair, and at the firſt pluck
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes'um good luck.
And ſo, &c.

The Country Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledg to ſup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pul:
How bravely the *Marget* Profeſſor diſputed,
The Homilies urg'd and the ſchool-men confu-
And ſo, &c. (ted!

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
With like admiration to eat roaſted bief,
Which invention pos'd his beyond Trent-belief
Who ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Salengersround,
And ſo, &c. The

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his ſattin,
To look with ſome judgment at him that ſpeaks latin,
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
To anſwer, O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our Diſciplin's ſlack,
And ſo, &c.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford man comes,
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and bums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mun Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbiter.*

WIth hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;
With a ſplay mouth, & a noſe circumflext
With a ſet ruffe or Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents,
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth:

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*:
Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*:
Were drawn through all the questions, *How* and
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt, (gelt;
That when his ears are cropt hee'l count them
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that do thus attire'm,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
To tare the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device (*Lice*,
That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and
The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face.
A face of several parishes and sorts,
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Courts.
What mean these Elders else, those Kirk Dra-
Made up of *Ears* & *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*; (goons
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,
Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*? (out
Sure they'r the *Antickheads*, which plac'd with-
The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout:
Like them above the *Commons house* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scots Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *Claſſick* rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,
I heard an Eccho ſupererogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hiccop o're and o're,
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall;
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dragon-Synod *with thy motly ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſie, that wings our ſenſe
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack *of all trades joyns,*
His finger's thicker than the Prelats *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſs

Unleſs your flame confeſs it's gender,
And your parley cauſe ſurrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What thongh ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and as relenting ſhee
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*,
Or what doth more of Stature carry,
A Nun of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigour, which the Rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up yourſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart:
Loves votaries in thrall each others ſoul
Till both of them live but upon Parol.

Vertues no more more in Woman-kind
But the Green ſickneſs of the mind.
Philoſophy their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite:
There is no Sophiſtry prevails.
Where all convincing love aſſails;

But

But the disputing petticoat will wrap,
As skillfull gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier that man of Iron
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose imbraces your in chains
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Curiasier.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortress in,
For all the brisled turn-pikes of his chin.

Since loves Artillery then checks
The breast works of the firmest sex,
Come lets in affections riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunucht with formality:
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen
With the nice caution of a sword between.

An *Elegie* upon Doctor *Chaderton*, the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERAL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise,
And 'ope the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custom for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old;
There's none alive I'me sure can say
They knew thee young, but always gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroke?

Tell

Tell me (dear Son) why didſt thou die,
And leav's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

MARIES SPIKENARD.

SHall I preſume
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all ſweet*?

No, I'le make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes*;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *fairſt Bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſs* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices*, and the *beſt*,

Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrhe and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *coſtly ſpikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
Sweetneſs of *all Odours dwell.*
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alablaſter skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute die*:
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I ſpread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For ſweetneſs with his breath compare:
But ſure the odour of his skin
Smells ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſs them dry;
Or for a towel he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet takes hold,
And curle themſelves about, as though
They were loth for to let thee go,
O chid them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die *Januarii*, secunda hora Pomeridiana *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno Ianl Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLLo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.

CHARLES—ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His name too dearly and Idolatrize
His Name! Our Loss! Thrice curled and forlorn
Be that Black night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign!—hold! lest Out-Lawed sense,
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such treason and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd! tremble! and (Land,
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last stage, and set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell Fiends! dire Hydra's of a Stiff neck'd-State!

Strange Body-politick (whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britan! He! who was the known
King of three Realms lies murther'd in his own.
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to Re-Baptize it in his blood.

No more, no more, Fam's Trump shall Eccho all
The rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendom ne're pattern'd; and t'was strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The blow struck Britain blind, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM,
And though she live's, she live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion put's on Black, sad *Loyalty*
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN

AN ELEGIE.

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by ſacred blood,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood,
Which reaſons higheſt ground doth ſo exceed,
It leaves my *ſoul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* reſting on th'*Original*
Supports it ſelf in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloody wood*,
My reaſon's caſt away in this *Red-flood*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Thoſe ſhowers paſt
Made but Land-floods, which did ſome vallies waſt:
This ſtroke hath cut the only neck of land
Which between us, and this *Red-ſea* did ſtand;
That covers now our world, which curſed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies;
O're caſt with darkneſs, & with blood o're-run
And juſtly, ſince our heats have theirs out done
Th'Inchanter led them to a leſs known ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, leſt but Privation
In *Church* and *State*, inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light;
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Waſhing their Loyal hearts from blood ſo ſhed;

The which deſerves each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*,
Let nought then paſs for *Muſick* but ſad cries,
For beauty bloodleſs cheeks, and blood-ſhot eyes.
All colours ſoil but black, all odours have
Ill ſcent but *Myrrhe*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much,
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *dead body*, whom to judge to dy,
Seems the Judaical impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints,
But the truth is, he fear'd and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine:
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like the ſooner he'l be ſent
Out of that body he would ſtill torment:
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this blood,
Deteſt the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* he dies:
We eaſily may the world and death deſpiſe:
Death had no ſting for him, and its ſharp arm,
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And ſo he look'd upon the *Ax* as one
Weapon yet left, to guard him to his Throne;
In his great name then may his ſubjects cry.
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory.
If this our loſs a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed Crown is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head ſince his diſtreſs
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſs;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was becom ſo great *King*:
So the ſame hands inthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendered more
Than e're mans falshood promiſed to reſtore,
Which ſince by death alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakneſs, and from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part;
Might make his paſſage quick ne'r move his heart.
Which ev'n expiring was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and blood; and from the higheſt line
Of humane vertue, paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſs his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſs all acts but of belief,
Silence may praiſe the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſs
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſs,
I'le onely wiſh that for his Elegie,
This our *Joſias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN

AN ELEGIE.

On { *The best of Men*
The meekest of Martyrs,
CHARLES *the* I &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light; and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Blood,
Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a flood
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, and make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake,
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature, shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and disheveld beams may be
The tapers at this black solemntie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigres nurst,
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was hurld
To strew infection on the tainted World
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.

Say

Say ſons of tumults, ſince you think it good
Still to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Blood
Your guilty hands, why did you then not ſtate
Your ſlaughters at ſome cheap & common rate?
Your gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the ſame Urn their names too might intomb:
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion, which you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſs your black deſigns to ſhade,
Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven when (we
Are ſuppled into acts of Clemency?
And copy out the Deity agen,
When we diſtil our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Onely ſhook off his frail Humanity;
And with ſuch calmneſs fell, he ſeem'd to be
Even leſs unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
And forc'd us from our Throws of Grief to ſay,
We onely died, he onely liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdome:
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhroud
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone,
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon

Upon the Death of CHARLES the First.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud tongu'd-blood demands ſupplies,
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'le ſing the Obſequies with Trumpet ſounds,
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

AD-

ADDITIONS

The Publick Faith.

STand off my Masters : 'Tis your pence a piece,
Jason, *Medea*, and the golden fleece ;
What side the line good Sir? *Tigris*, or *Fo*?
Lybia? *Japan*? *Whisk*? or *Tradinktido*?
St. Kits? *St. Omer*? on *St: Margarets* Bay?
Presto begon? or come aloft? what way?
Doublets? or Knap? the Cog? low Dice? or high?
By all the hard names in the Letany,
Bell, Book, and Candle, and the *Popes* great toe
I conjure thy account : Devil say no.
Nay since I must untruss Gallants look to't,
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,
This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations.
Ponteus, *Hixius doxius*, full of tricks,
The *Lottery* of vulgar Lunaticks,
The *Knapsack* of your State, the thing you wish,
Magog and *Gog* stew'd in a chaffendish.
Abag of spoons and whistles wherein, men
May whistle when they see their plate agen.

Thus

Thus far his Infancy: His riper age
Requires a more myſterious folio page,
Now that time ſpeaks him perfect, and 'tis pity,
To dandle him longer in a cloſe Committee,
The elf dares peep abroad, the pretty fool
Can wag without a truckling ſtanding-ſtool;
Revenge his Mother's infamy and ſwear
Hee's the fair off-ſpring of one half-ſcore year:
The Heir of the Houſe and hopes, the cry
And wonder of the Peoples miſery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppy it could play
For thimbles, any thing to paſs the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,
Clinck *Maſenello* with the *Duke* of *Guiſe*;
Sign for an *Iriſh purchaſe*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Uſe,
Give its Dam ſuck, and in a hidden way
Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica*.
An everlaſting Bale, Hell in trunk-hoſe
Uncaſed, the Divel's *Don Quixot* in proſe.
The Beaſt and the falſe Prophet twin'd together,
The ſquint-eyed emblem of all ſorts of weather.
The refuſe of that Chaos of the earth,
Able to give the world a ſecond birth:
Affrick avaunt! thy trifling monſters glance
But Sheep-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.

That

That all the prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures bluſh left on the ſcore.
This ſtrings the Bakers dozen, chriſtens all
The croſs-leg'd hours of time ſince *Adam*'s fall.
The publick faith? why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any ſin
A term of Art, great *Behemoth's* younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel* and half a thouſand other;
Which when ſubſcrib'd writes *Legion*, names on Truſs,
Abaddon, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,
All the *Vice-Royes* of darkneſs, every ſpell
And Fiend wrap'd in a ſhort Triſſyllable.
But I fore-ſtall the ſhow. Enter and ſee,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* ſhall be free.
In brief 'tis call'd Religions eaſe, or loſs,
For no one's ſuffered here to bear his croſs.

A Lenten Letany.

Compoſed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithful Ones.

FRom villany dreſt in the doublet of zeal,
From three Kingdoms bak'd in one Common-weal,
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a Chancery-writ, and a whip and a bell,
From a Justice of peace that never could spell,
From Collonel *Pride* and the *Vicar* of Hell.
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without socks, and three-penny-Pies.
From a new sprung light, that will put out ones eyes,
From Goldsmiths hall, the Devil, and Excize
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk, without one word of sence,
From liberty still in the future tense,
From a Parliament long-walted conscience,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Coppid crown Tenant prick'd up by a Brother,
From damnable members and fits of the mother,
From ears like Oysters that grin at each other
Libera nos, &c.

From a Preacher in buff, and a quarter-staff-steeple,
From th' unlimited soveraign power of the People;
From a Kingdom that crawls on its knees like a Creeple,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a vinegar Prieſt on a Crab-tree ſtock,
From a foddering of prayer four hours by the Clock,
From a holy Siſter with a pitifull Smock,
Libera nos, &c.

From a hungerſtarv'd Sequeſtrators maw,
From Revelations and viſions that never man ſaw,
From Religion without either Goſpel or Law,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Nick and Froth of a penny pot-houſe,
From the Fidle and Croſs, and a great Scorch Louſe,
From Committees that chop up a man like a Mouſe,
Libera nos, &c.

From broken ſhins and the blood of a Martyr,
From the titles of Lords and Knights of the Garter,
From the teeth of Mad-dogs, and a Countrymans quarter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Publique Faith, and an egge and butter,
From the Iriſh purchaſes and all their clutter,
From *Omega's* noſe, when he fettles to ſputter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a Whore,
From waiting with plaints at the Parliament door,
From the death of a King without why or wherefore,
Libera nos, &c.

From the French diſeaſe, and the Puritan Fry,
From ſuch as nere ſwear, but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of capers full three ſtories high,
Libera nos, &c.

From painted glaſs and idolatrous cringes,
From a *Presbiters* Oath that turns upon hinges,
From *Weſtminſter Jews* with Levitical fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is ſaid, and thouſand times more,
From a Saint and his charity to the Poor,
From the plagues that are kept for a Rebell in ſtore,
Libera nos, &c.

The ſecond Part.

That if it pleaſe thee to aſſiſt
Our *Agitators* and their liſt,
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twiſt,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That

That it may pleaſe thee to ſuppoſe
Our actions are as good as thoſe
That gull the people through the noſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee here to enter
And fix the rumbling of our center,
For we live all at peradventure,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee to unite
The fleſh and bones unto the ſprite,
Elſe faith and literature good night.
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it might pleaſe thee O that we
May each man know his Pedigree,
And ſave that plague of Heraldry,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee in each Shire,
Cities of refuge Lord to rear,
That failing Brethren may know where,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee to abhor us,
Or any ſuch dear favour for us
That thus have wrought thy peoples ſorrows,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee to embrace
Our days of thanks and faſting face,
For robbing of thy holy place.
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to adjourn
The day of Judgement, leaſt we burn,
For lo! it is not for our turn,
Quæſumus te, &c,
That it may pleaſe thee to diſpence
A cloſe Committee there to ſit,
No devil to a humane wit!
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee to diſpence
A little for convenience
Or let us play upon the ſenſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe the to embalm
The ſaints in *Robin Wiſdom's Pſalm*,
And make them muſicall and calm,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee ſince us doubt
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout,
Quæſumus te, &c.

A hue and cry after the Reformation:

WHen Temples lie like quarter'd Quarrers,
Rich in their ruined ſepulchres,
When Saints forſake their painted glaſs,
To meet their worſhip as they paſs;

When

When Altars grow luxurious with the dy
Of Humane blood,
Is this the flood
Of Christianity?
When Kings are cupboarded like cheese,
Sights to be seen for pence a peice,
When diadems like brokers tire
Are custom'd reliques set to hire;
When Soveraignty and Sceepters loose their (names
Stream'd into words
Carv'd out by swords,
Are these refining flames?
When subjects and Religion stir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor;
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;
When blue digressions fill the troubled air:
And th' Pulpit's let
To every set
That will usurp the chair;
Call ye me this the night's farewell
When our noon day's as dark as Hell?
How can we less than term such lights
Ecclesiastical Heteroclites?
Bold sons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl
Thus high to be
Perch'd on the tree,
Remember but the fall.
Was it the glory of a King
To make him great by suffering?

Was there no way to build God's Houſe
But rending of it infamous ?
If this be then the merry ghoſtly trade,
To work in gall,
Pray take it all
Good brother of the blade.
Call it no more the Reformation
According to the new tranſlation :
Why will you wrack the common brain
With words of an unwonted ſtrain,
As plunder ? or a Phraſe in ſenſes cleft ?
When things more high
May well ſupply,
And call it down right theft.
Here all the *Scholmen* and *Divines*
Conſent, and ſwear the naked lines
Want no expoundiug or conteſt,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jeſt.
Since then the Heroes of the Pen with me
Nere ſerue the ſenſe
With difference
We all agree agree.

A Committy.

CAſt *Knaves* my *Maſters*, fortune guid the chance,
No packing I beſeech you no by-glance
To mingle pairs, but fairly ſhake the bag,
Cheats in their ſpheres like ſubtile ſpirits wag.

Or

Or if you pleaſe, the cards run as they will,
There is no choice in ſin and doing ill.
Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the ods,
He acts moſt high that beſt outdares the gods.
Theſe are that *Raw-bone Herd* of *Pharaoh's* Kine,
Which eat up all our ſaclings, yet look lean,
Theſe are the afterclaps of bloody ſhowres,
Which, like the Scots, comes for your gude and yours.
The gleaners of the field, where, if a man
Eſcape the ſword that milder frying-pan,
He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws
Of ſuch can ſpeak no Engliſh but the cauſe
Under that foggy term, that inquiſition,
Y'are wrackt at all adventures *On ſuſpition.*
No matter what's the crime, a good eſtate's
*D*elinquency enough to ground their hates,
Nor ſhall calm innocence ſo ſcape, as not
To be made guilty or at leaſt ſo thought.
And if the ſpirit once inform beware,
The fleſh and world but renegadoes are.
Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run
All in full cry and ſpeed till *Wat's* undone.
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn,
Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn,
Finds a ſmooth entrance, wide and fit, but when
He's ſqueez'd and forc'd up through the ſmaller end,

He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that ſpent
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent;
Or Bodies at the *Reſurrection* are
On wing, juſt rarifying into aire.
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Caſe*,
And ſhape of ſome ſad being once that was.
The *Type* of fleſh and blood, the Skeleton
And ſuperficies of a thing that's gone.
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder
And body of a corps ſqueez'd to a cinder;
When no more tortures can be thought upon,
Mercy ſhall flow into oblivion.
— *Merciful Hell!* thy Judges are but three,
Ours multiform, and in plurality!
Thy calmer cenſures flow without recal,
And in one doom ſouls ſee their final all.
We travel with expectance: Suffrings here
Are but the earneſts of a ſecond fear.
Thy pains and plagues are infinite 'tis true
Ours are not onely infinite but new,
So that the dread of what's to come exceeds
The anguiſh of that part already bleeds.
This only difference ſwells 'twixt us and you,
— Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

On

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himself.*

ALL *hail* fair fruit! may every Crab-tree bear
Such blossoms, and so lovely every year!
Call ye me this the slip? marry it is well,
Zacheus slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the slip, 'tis need
To look about us to preserve the breed,
Th'are of the Running game and none to post
In nooses, blanks the reckning with their *Host*.
Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose
That knit this knot, guilt seldome singly goes!
A wounded soul close coupled with the fence
Of sin, payes home its proper recompence.
But harke you Sir, if haste can grant the time,
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe
In Kings prerogatives? things beyond just.
When Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be truss'd.
But O I smell your plot strong through your hose.
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your cloaths.
Else your more active hands had fairly stay'd
The leasure of a Psalm: *Judas* has pray'd.
But later crimes cannot admit the pause,
They run upon effects, more than the cause:

Yet

Yet let me ask one queſtion, why alone?
One member of a Corporation?
*T*is clear amongſt Divines, bodys and ſouls
As joyntly active, ſo their judgement rowles
Concordant in the ſentence; why not ſo
In earthly ſufferings? *States* attended go.
But I perceive the Knack: Old women ſay,
And be't approv'd, Each dog ſhall have his day.
Hence ſweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
And blanks enough for the new Saints to come.
All in *Red letters*: as their faults have been
Scarlet, ſo limbe their *Anniverſe* of ſin,
And to their childrens credits and their wives
Be it ſtill ſaid, *T*hey leap fair for their lives.

Platonique Love.

BEgon fantaſtick whimſey hence begon!
I ſlight thy dreams, I'me no *Camelion*,
Nor can I feed on Ayry ſmoaky bliſſes,
Or bait my ſtrong deſire with ſmiles and kiſſes
Old *Tantalus* as well may ſurfeit on
*T*he flying ſtreams by contemplation.

Give me a minute's heaven with my love,
Where I may roule in pleaſures far above

The

The idle fancy of the ſoul's embrace,
Where my ſwift hand may raviſh all the grace
Of beauties wardrop, where the longing bride
May feaſt her fill yet nere be ſatisfied.

Blaſpheme not love with any other name
Than an enjoyment kindled from the flame
Of panting breaſts, mix'd in a ſweet deſire
Of ſomething more than barely to admire.
'Though ſighs and ſigns may make the pulſes beat,
'Action's the bellowes that preſerves the heat.

If all content were placed in the eye,
And thoughts compriz'd the whole felicity:
Pictures might court each other, and exchange
Their white lime looks, woo hard, and yet ſeem ſtrange:
'No! Love requires a quick and home embrace,
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the face.

'What ever glories Nature's tender care
'Compiles to make a piece divinely rare,
'Th'are but the ſweet allurements of the eye
'Fix'd on a ſtage to catch the ſtanders by,
'Or likerich *Signs* oppos'd to open ſight
'To tempt the Traveller to ſtay all night.

Yield then (my chaſt *Clarinda*) once to ſee
The ſweet *Meander* of *Love's liberty*.

And

And seal thy thoughts a grant to understand
The welcom pleasures of a wife well mann'd.
For all the sweets mistaken in a kiss.
Are but the empty circumstance of this.

So shall a full content wipe out the score
Of all our sorrows that have pass'd before.
Not a sad sigh shall scape unsatisfied,
Which in its masters passion wept and died;
But like a Sea made subject to our Oars
We'le hoise up sail and touch the wished Shoars.

Christmas Day.

Or the Shuttle of an inspired Weaver bolted against the Order of the Church from its solemnity.

CHrist-mass? Give me my beads: The word implies
A plot, by its ingredient Beef and Pies!
A feast *Apocryphal*, a Popish rite
Kneaded in dough (beloved) in the night;
The night (beloved) that's as much to say
(By late translation:) not in the day.
An annual dark-lanthorn *Jubile*,
Catesby and *Vaulx* bak'd in conspiracie,
The *Hierarchy* of *Rome* the *Triple-Crown*
Confess'd in *Triangles*, then swallowed down,

With

With ſpaniſh ſack; the Eighty eight *Armado*
Newly preſented in an *Ovenado*.
O *Calvin*! now my *Cauſe* upon thee fixes,
Were ere ſuch dregs mix'd with *Geneva* fixes?
The cloyſter'd ſteaks with ſalt and pepper lie
Like *Nunnes* with patches in a *Monaſtrie*.
Prophaneſs in a *Conclave*? Nay much more
Idolatry in cruſt! *Babylon's Whore*
Rak'd from the grave, and back'd by hanches,
Serv'd up in coffins to ungodly men. (then
Defil'd with ſuperſtition, like the *Gentiles*
Of old, that worſhip'd *Onions*, *Roots*, and *Lentiles*!
Did ever *John* of *Leiden* prophecy
Of ſuch an *Antichriſt* as pudding-pie?
Beloved, 'tis a thing when it appears,
Enough to ſet the Saints all by the ears
In ſolving of the text, a doubtfull ſin
Reformed Churches nere conſented in. (pray,
But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and
Me thinks the *Manna* melts and waſts away;
I am a man as all you are, have read
Of *Peters* ſheet, how he devoutly fed
Without exception; therefore to diſpence
A little with the worm of conſcience,
And bend unto the creature, I profeſs,
Zeal and a Py may joyn both in a meſs.
The deareſt ſons may erre, then why a ſinner
May I not eat? ſince *Hugh* eat three to dinner.

Piæ Memoriæ.

Doctiſs. Reverendiſſimique in Chriſto Patris, *Johannis Prideaux* quam noviſſime *Vigorniæ* Epiſcopi, harumque triſtiſſime lacrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

Buſta ſtruant alii, lacrymiſq; altaria refundant;
Quorum triſtitia fata pianda cadunt.
Talia præcurrant cineres monumenta puſilli,
Queis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit.
Hic neque Pyramidum, nec inertis monſtra Coloſſi
Poſcuntur ſubito corruitura die.
Gloria ſecuri confidentiſſima Cœli
Non vocat hæc ſtellis aſtra minora ſuis.
Sic tuus aſcendit currus, digniſſime Præſul,
Terreni miſerans futile honoris onus.
Sed væ Zodiaco noſtro, væ (Phœbe) trementi,
Ortus enim patriæ lux tenebræque fuit.
In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes.
Et Pater & gnati: Molliter oſſa cubent.
Parva tegant tenues & aperti funera fletus,
Tanta ruant ſuperis damna ſilenda metu.

Ob-

Obſequies.

On that right reverend Father in God John Prideaux *late Biſhop of* Worceſter *deceaſed.*

IF by the fall of *Luminaries* we
May ſafely gueſs the world's *Cataſtrophe*,
The ſigns are all fulfill'd the *Token's* flown,
(That ſcarce a man has any of his own)
Only the *Jews* converſion ſome doubt bred,
But that's confuted now the *Doctor's* dead.
Great *Atlas* of Religion ſince thy fate
Proclaims our loſs too ſoon, our tears too late,
Where ſhall our bleeding Church a Champion
To graſp with Hereſie? Or to maintain (gain
Her conflict with the Devil? For the ods
Runs byaſs'd ſix to four againſt the *gods*.
Hell lifts amain, and the engagements flies
With winged *Zeal* through all the Sectaries,
That ſhould ſhe foundly into queſtion fall,
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.
But can this hap upon a ſingle death?
Yes: For thou wert the treaſure of our breath;
That pious *Arch* whereon the building ſtood,
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a flood;
An inundation that ore bears the bancks
And bounds of all religion: If ſome ſtancks

Shew

Shew their emergent heads? Like *Seth's* famed
stone,
Th'are monuments of thy devotion gone!
No wonder then the rambling *Spirits* stray,
In thee the body fell, and slipt away.
Hence 'tis the Pulpit swells with exhalations,
Intricate none-sense travell'd from all Nations,
Notions refin'd to doubts, and maxims squeez'd
With tedious hick-ups till the sence grows
freez'd.
If ought shall chance to drop we may call
good,
'Tis thy distinction makes it understood.
Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,
Our influence took its being from thy ray.
Thine was that *Gideon's* fleece, when all stood
dry,
Pearl'd with celestial dew, showr'd from on high.
(spread,
But now thy night is come, our shades are
And living here we move among the dead.
Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then,
Starts up in holes, stinks and goes out agen.
Such *Kickee Winsee* flames shew but how dear
Thy great lights resurrection would be here.
A *Brother* with five loaves and two small fishes,
A table book of sighs, looks, and wishes,
Startles Religion more at one strong doubt,
Than what they mean when as the candle's
out.

But

But I profane thy ashes (gratious Soul)
Thy spirit flew too high to truss these foul
Gnostick opinions, Thou desired'st to meet,
Such tenents that durst stand upon their feet,
And beard the truth with as intens'd a zeal
As *Saints* upon a fast night quilt a meal,
Rome never trembled till thy piercing eye
Darted her through, and crush'd the mistery.
Thy *Revealation* made St. *John's* compleat,
Babylon fell indeed but 'twas thy sweat
And oyl perform'd the work; to what we see
Foretold in misty-types broke forth in thee.
Some shallow lines were drawn and sconces made
By smatreters in the arts, to drive a trade
Of words between us, but that proved no more
Then threats in cowing feathers to give ore.
Thy fancy laid the *Siedg* that wrought her fall,
Thy batteries commanded round the wall:
Not a poor loop-hole error could sneak by,
No not the *Abbess* to the Friery,
Though her disguise, as close and subtly good
As when she wore the *Monk's* hose for a hood.
And if perhaps their *French* or *Spanish* wine
Had fill'd them full of beads and *Bellarmine*,
That they durst salley or attempt a guard,
O! how thy busy brain would beat and ward!
Rally! and reinforce! rout! and relieve!
Double reserves! and then an onset give

Like marſhall'd thunder back'd with flames of Fire,
Storms mixt with ſtorms! Paſſion with Globes of fire!
Yet ſo well diſciplin'd that judgement ſtill
Sway'd, and not raſh commiſſionated will.
No; words in thee knew order, time, and place,
The inſtant of a charge, or when to face:
When to purſue advantage, where to halt,
When to draw off, and where to re-aſſault.
Such ſure commands ſtream'd from thee, that 'twas one
With thee to vanquiſh, as to look upon:
So that thy ruined Foes groveling confeſs
Thy conqueſts were their fate and happineſs.
Nor was it all thy buſineſs here to war
With forreign forces: But thy active ſtar
Could courſe a home-bred miſt, a native ſin,
And ſhew its guilt's degrees, how, and wherein;
Then ſentence and expell it: Thus thy Sun
An everlaſting ſtage in labour run;
So that its motion to the eye of man
Wav'd ſtill in a compleat *Meridian*.
But theſe are but fair comments of our loſs,
The glory of a *Church* now on the *Croſs*:
The tranſcript of that beauty once we had,
Whileſt with the luſtre of thy preſence clad:
But thou art gone (*Brave Soul*) and with thee all
The gallantry of Arts *Polemicall*.

Nothing

Nothing remains as *Primitive* but talk,
And that our Prieſts again in *Leather* walk:
A *Flying miniſtry* of horſe and foot,
Things that can ſtart a text and nere come to't;
Teazers of doctrines, which in long-ſleev'd proſe
Run down a ſermon all upon the noſe:
Theſe like dull glow-worms twinckle in the night,
The frighted *Land-Skips* of an abſent light.
But thy rich flames withdrawn, Heaven caught thee hence,
Thy glories were grown ripe for recompence:
And therefore to prevent our weak eſſaies,
Th'art crown'd an Angel with cœleſtial Bayes:
And there thy raviſh'd Soul meets field and fire,
Beauties enough to fill its ſtrong deſire.
The contemplation of a preſent *God*,
Perfections in the womb, the very road
And *Eſſences* of vertues as they be
Streaming and mixing in *Eternity*.
Whiles we poſſeſs our ſouls but in a vail,
Like earth confined, catch heaven by retail.
Such a dark-lanthorn age, ſuch jealous dayes,
Men tread on Snakes, ſleep in *Battaliats*,
Walk like *Coneſſors*, hear but muſt not ſay,
What the bold world dares act, and what it may.
Yet here all votes, *Commons* and *Lords* agree,
The *Croſier* fell in *Laud*, the *Church* in thee.

On the death of his Royall Majesty Charles *late King of* England,&c.

WHat went you out to see a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.
But what went you to see a Prophet slain?
Nay that, and more, a martyr'd Soveraign.
Peace to that sacred dust! *Great Sir* our fears
Have left us nothing, but obedient tears
To court your Hearse? and in those pious flouds
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.
Accept us in these later obsequies,
Th' unplundred riches of our hearts and eyes;
For in these faithful streams and emanations
W'are subjects still, beyond all *Sequestrations.*
Here we cry more than Conquerors: malice may
Murder estates, but hearts will still obey;
These as your glory's yet above the reach
Of such, whose purple lines confusion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire
With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims*, and *Angels* that supply'd
Our duties at your triumphs; where you ride
With full cœlestial *Joyes*, and *Ovations*
Rich as the Conquest of three ruin'd *Nations.*
But 'twas the heavenly plot that snatc'd you hence,
To crown your Soul with that magnificence

And

And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth
Could only wish and strangle in the birth.
Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush
Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.
For where souls act beyond mortality,
Heaven onely can perform that *Jubilee*.
We wrastle then no more, but bless your day,
And mourn the anguish of your sad delay:
That since we cannot add, we yet stay here
Fettered in clay, yet longing to appear
Spectators of yonr bliss, that being shown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own,
Where never envy shall divide us more,
Nor City-tumults, nor the worlds uproar;
But an eternal hush, a quiet peace
As without end, so still in the encrease,
Shall lull humanity a-sleep, and bring
Us equal Subjects to the heavenly King.
Till when I'le turn *Recusant*, and forswear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Passengers, behold and see
The Widowed grave of *Majesty*.
Why trembleſt thou? here's that will make
All but our stupid souls to shake.
Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and just.

The blood (O start'st not thou to hear?)
Of a *King* 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The miracle of miserie.
Add the ills that *Rome* can boast,
Shrift the world in every coast,
Mix the fire of earth and seas
With humane spleen and practises,
To puny the records of time;
By one grand *Gigantick* crime,
Then swell it bigger till it squeez
The globe to crooked hams and knees;
Here's that shall make it seem to be
But modest *Christianity*.
The *Lawgiver* amongst his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown;
Voted *Monarchy* to death
By the course *Plebeian* breath:
The *Sovereign* of all command
Suff'ring by a *common* hand.
A *Prince* to make the odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The head cut off, oh death to see't!
In obedience to the feet.
And that by *Justice* you must know,
If you have faith to think it so.
We'le stir no further then this sacred clay,
But let it slumber till the *Judgement* day.
Of all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the first that for Religion di'd,

A Survey of the World.

THe *World*'s a guilded trifle, and the ſtate
Of ſublunary bliſs adulterate;
Fame but an empty ſound, a painted noiſe,
A wonder that nere looks beyond nine dayes.
Honours the tennis-ball of fortune: *T*hough
Men wade to it in blood and overthrow:
Which like a bag of dice uneven dance,
Sometimes 'tis one's, ſometimes another's
chance.
Wealth but the hugg'd conſumption of that
heart,
*T*hat travails Sea and Land for his own ſmart.
Pleaſure a courtly madneſs a conceit
*T*hat ſmiles and tickles without worth or
weight,
Whoſe ſcatter'd reckning, when 'tis to be paid,
Is but repentance laviſhly inlaid?
*T*he world, fame, honour, wealth, and plea-
ſure then
Are the fair wrack and *Gemonies* of men,
Ask but thy *Carnal heart* if thou ſhouldſt be
Sole *Monarch* of the worlds great family,
If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would
Not be a corner ſtill reſerv'd that could
Another earth contain? If ſo, what is
*T*hat poor inſatiate thing we may call bliſs?

Queſtion the loaden *Gallantry* a ſleep;
What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep
Of deaths oblivion; What their *Triumph* was
More then the moment it did prance and paſs?
If then applauſe move by the vulgar cry,
Fame's but a glorious uncertainty.
Awake *Sejauns*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,
Charge the fond favourites of the greateſt name,
What faith is in a *Prince's* ſmile, what joy
In th'high and *Grand Concilio le Roy*?
Nay *Caſar*'s ſelf that march'd his *Honours* through
The bowels of all *Kingdoms*, made them bow
Low to the ſtirrop of his will and vote,
What ſafety to their Maſters life they brought?
When in the Senate in his higheſt pride
By two and thirty wounds he fell and dy'd!
If *Height* be then moſt ſubjected to fate,
, *Honour*'s the day-ſpring of a greater hate.
Now ask the *Grov'ling ſoul*, that makes his gold
His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold
Account of happineſs here ariſe
From that ingluvious ſurfeit of his eyes?
How the whole man's inſlav'd to a lean dearth
Of all enjoyment for a little earth?
How like *Prometheus* he doth ſtill repair
His growing heart to feed the *Vultur* care.
Or like a Spider's envious deſigns, (loins
Drawing the threads of death from her own

Tor-

Tort'ring his entrails with thoughts of to morrow, (ſorrow
To keep that maſs with grief, he gain'd with
If to the clinking paſtime in his ears
He add the Orphans cries, and Widows tears,
The Muſick's far from ſweet, and if you found him, (him.
Truly, they leave him ſadder than they found
Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lyes
Angling for babies in his *Miſtreſs*'s eyes,
Thinks there's no heaven like a bale of dyce,
Six horſes and a Coach with a device,
A caſt of Lacquies, and a Lady-Bird,
An Oath in faſhion, and a guilded ſword,
Can ſmoak Tobacco with a face in frame,
And ſpeak perhaps a line of ſence to th'ſame,
Can ſleep a *Sabbath* over in his bed,
Or if his play book's there, will ſtoop to read,
Can kiſs its hand and congey *a la mode*,
And when the nights approaching, bolt abroad,
Unleſs his Honour's, Worſhip's, Rent's not come;
So he falls ſick, and ſwears the Carrier home.
Elſe if his rare devotion ſwell ſo high
To waſte an hour-glaſs on Divinity,
Tis but to make the Church his ſtage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his ribaldry.
Ask but the *Jay*, when his diſtreſs ſhall fall!
Like an arm'd man upon him, where are all
The roſe-buds of his youth? thoſe antick toyes,
Wherein he ſported out his precious dayes?

What

What comfort he collects from Hawk or
Hound?
Or if among his looser hours, he found
One of a thousand to redeem that time
Perish'd and lost for ever in his prime?
Or if he dream'd of an eternal bliss? (this
He'le swear *God damn him* he nere thought of
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink, and play:
Knows that his body was but dust and die
It once must, so have mercy, and God b'wy.
Thus having travers'd the fond world in brief,
The lust of th' eyes, the flesh, and pride of life,
Unbiass'd and impartially, we see
'Tis lighter in the scale than vanity.
What then remains, but that we still should
strive
Not to be born to die, but die to live?

An Old Man courting a Young-Girle.

COme beauteous *Nymph*, canst thou em-
brace
An Aged, Wise, Majestick grace
To mingle with thy youthfull flames,
And make thy glories stay'd? The Dames
Of looser gesture blush to see
Thy *Lillies* cloath'd with gravity:
Thy happier choice, thy gentle *Vine*
With a sober *Elme* entwine:

Seal

Seal fair *Nimph* that lovely tye
Shall ſpeak thy honour loud and high.
Nym. Ceaſe *Grandſire lover* and forbear
To court me with thy *Sepulchre*:
Thy chill *December* and my *May*,
Thy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*
Can brook no mixture, no condition,
But ſtand in perfect oppoſition.
Nor can my active heart imbrace
A ſhivering *Ague* in love's chaſe.
Only perhaps the lucky tye
May make thy forked fortune high,
Man. If fretted roofs, and beds of down,
And the wonder of the *Town*,
Bended knees, and coſtly fare,
Richeſt dainties without care,
May temptations motives be
Here they all attend on thee.
And to raiſe thy bliſs the more,
Swell thy Trunks with pretious Ore
The glittering entrails of the Eaſt,
To varniſh and perfume thy neſt.
Nymph. I queſtion not, *Sage Sir*, but ſhe
That weds your brave obliquity,
Your Tiſſick, Rheums, and Soldans face,
Shall meet with *Fretted Roofs* apace;
I fancy not your bended knees,
Leſt bowing you can ſprightly riſe;
Your gold too, when you leave to woo,
Will quickly become *Pretious* too.

And

And dainty Cates without delight,
May glut the day, but ſtarve the night.
For when thou boaſts thy beds of bliſs,
The man, the man, ſtill wanting is.

Man. Nay gentile *Nymph*, think not my fire
So quench'd, but that the ſtrong deſire
Of Love can wake it, and create,
New action to cooperate.
The ſparkes of youth are not ſo gone,
But I—— ay marry, that I can.
Come ſmack me then my pretty dear,
Taſte what a lively change is here.
Why fly'ſt thou me?———

Nym.———yce yce be gone,
Claſp me not with thy *Frozen Zone*.
That pale aſpect would beſt become
The ſad complexion of a tombe,
Think not thy *Church-yard* look ſhall move
My Spring to be thy winter's Stove.
If at the *Reſurrection* we
Shall chance to marry call on me;
By that time I perhaps may gueſs
How to bathe and how to dreſs
Thy weeping legs, and ſympathize,
With periſh'd lungs and wopper eyes;
And think thy touchy paſſion wit,
Love diſdain and flatter it;
And 'midſt this coſtive puniſhment
Raiſe a politick content.

But while the *Solſtice* of my years
Glories in its higheſt ſphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vaſſall of infirmity,
The skreen of flegmatick old age,
Decay'd *Methuſalem* his page.
No! give me lively pleaſures, ſuch
Melt the fancy in the touch;
Raiſe the appetite, and more,
Satisfie it o're and o're.
Then from the aſhes of thoſe fires
Kindle freſh and new deſires.
So *Cyprus* be the *Scœn*: Above
Venus and the *God* of love,
Knitting true love-knots in one
Merry happy Union.
Whiles their feather'd team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their gears,
Flutt'ring o're the Jovial-frie,
Sporting in love's *Comedy*.
Man. Hold haſty ſoul beauty's a flower
That may periſh in an hour;
No diſeaſe but can diſgrace
The trifling bloſſoms of a face,
And nip the heights of thoſe fond toyes
That now are doted on with praiſe.
The noon-glory of the Sun
To the ſhades of night muſt come.
May, for all her guilded prime,
Has its weak and withering time.

Not a bud that ows its birth
From the teeming mother earth,
But excels the fading dreſs
Of a womans lovelineſs,
For when flowers vaniſh here.
They may ſpring another year.
But frail beauty, when 'tis gone,
Finds no reſurrection.
Scorn me then, coy *Nymph*, no more,
Fly no higher do not ſore;
Thoſe pretty rubies of thy lips
Once muſt know a pale *Eclipſe*:
And that plump alluring skin
Will be furrow'd deeply in:
And thoſe curled locks ſo bright,
Time will all be ſnow with white.
Not a glory, not a glance,
But muſt ſuffer change and chance.
Then, though now you'l not contract
With me in the marriage *Act*,
Yet perforce chuſe, chuſe you whether
You and I ſhall *Lye* together.

An Epitaph on his deceaſed Friend.

HEre lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*
Of a rich ſoul more highly ſet:
The droſſe and refuſe of a mind
Too glorious to be here confin'd:

Earth

Earth for a while beſpake his ſtay
Onely to bait and ſo away:
So that what here he doted on,
Was mere accommodation:
Not that his active ſoul could be
At home but in eternity.
Yet while he bleſt us with his rayes
Of his ſhort continued dayes,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour ſome ſtar brought forth,
So whiles he travell'd here beneath,
He liv'd, when others onely breath.
For not a ſand of time ſlip'd by
Without its action ſweet as high:
So good, ſo peaceable, ſo bleſt,
Angels alone can ſpeak the reſt.

Mount Ida, *or, Beauties Conteſt,*

THree regent *Goddeſſes*, they fell at odds,
As they ſat cloſe in counſel with the gods,
Whoſe beauty did excell, and thence they crave
A moderator of the ſtrife to have:
But leaſt the partial heavens could not decide
The grudge, they ſtoop to mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in clouds, then gently down they fall
Upon *Mount Ida* to appeaſe the brawl:

Where

Where *Priam*'s lovely boy ſporting did keep
His Fathers lambs and ſnowy flocks of ſheep,
His lilly hand was ſoon ordain'd to be
The harmleſs *Umpire* of the fond decree.

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden ball*,
O happy goddeſs upon whom it fall!
But more unhapy *Shepherd*, was't not pity,
Thou didſt not ſend it to a cloſe *Commity*?
There, there, thou hadſt ſurpaſt what did befall,
Thou might'ſt have crowned *One*, yet pleaſed *All*.

Firſt then *Imperious Juno* did diſplay
Her coronet of glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her ſtars up, in an arched ring
Of height and Majeſty moſt flouriſhing,
Then wealth and honour at his foot did lay
To be eſteem'd the *Lady* of the day.

Next *Pallas* that braue *Heroina* came,
The thund'ring Queen of action, war, and fame,
Dreſs'd with her glittering arms, wherewith ſhe layes (raiſe,
Worlds waſte, and new ones from the duſt can
Theſe, theſe, ſhe tenders him, advanc'd to be,
Withall the wreaths of wit and gallantry.

Laſt *Venus* breaks forth of her golden rayes,
With thouſand *Cupids*, crown'd ten thouſand Boyes. Spark-

Sparkling through every quadrant of her eyes,
Which made her beauty in full glory rise:
Then smiling vow'd so to sublime his parts,
To make him the great *Conquerer* of hearts.

Thus poor distracted *Paris* all on fire
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to desire,
The sweet temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each theatre of beauty seem'd to call
For the bright prize, but he amazed, he
Could not determine which, which, which was
she

At last the *Cyprian* Girle so struck him blinde
In all the faculties of soul and mind,
That he poor captiv'd wretch without delay
Covld not forbear his frailty to betray,
But maugre honour, wisdom, all above,
He ran, and kiss'd, and crown'd, the *Queen* of *Love*

Pallas and *Juno*, then in high disdain
Took snuff and posted up to heaven again,
As to a high *Court* of appeal, to be
Reveng'd on men for this indignity.
'Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was lost,
''Tis two to one, but love is alwayes croft.

Upon a Fly that flew into a Lady's eye, and there lay buried in a tear.

POor envious ſoul! what couldſt thou ſee
In that bright *Orb* of purity?
That active globe? that twinkling ſphear
Of beauty to be medling there?
Or didſt thou fooliſhly miſtake
The glowing morn in that day-break!
Or was't thy pride to mount ſo high
Only to kiſs the *Sun* and dye?
Or didſt thou think to rival all,
Don Phaethon and his great fall?
And in a richer Sea of brine
Drown *Icarus* again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and which was more
Tha'ſt ſunk the fable ore and ore.
For in the ſingle death of thee
Th' aſt bankrupt all *Antiquity*.
O had the fair *Ægyptian* Queen
Thy glorious monument once ſeen,
How had ſhe ſpar'd what time forbids,
The needleſs tott'ring *Pyramids*!
And in an emulative chaſe
Have begg'd thy ſhrine her Epitaph?
Where when her aged marble muſt
Reſign her honour to the duſt,
Thou might'ſt have canonized her
Deceaſed *Time's Executor*?

To

To rip up all the weſtern bed
Of Spices, where *Sol* layes his head,
To ſqueez the *Phœnix* and her neſt
In one perfume that may write *Beſt*,
Then blend the gall'ry of the skies
With her *Seraglio* of eyes,
T'embalm a name and raiſe a Tombe
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then, compare it: here's a Gemm
A pearl muſt ſhame and pity them.
An amber drop, diſtilled by
The ſparkling *Limbeck* of an eye,
Shall dazle all the ſhort eſſaies
Of rubbiſh worth, and ſhallow praiſe.
We ſtrive not then to prize that tear
Since we have nought to poiſe it here.
The world's too light. Hence, hence we cry
The world, the world's not worth a Fly.

Obſequies.

To the memory of the truly Noble, Right Valiant, and Right Honourable, Spencer *Earl of* Northampton, *ſlain at* Hopton-Field *in* Staffordſhire *in the beginning of this Civil War,*

WHat? the whole world in ſilence? not a tear
In tune through all the ſpeechleſs *Hemiſphere?*

Has grief ſo ſeiz'd and ſear'd mankind in all
The convoyes of *Intelligence* ? No fall
But thoſe of *Waters* heard ? No Elegies (eyes ?
But ſuch as whine through the Organs of our
Can *Pompey* fall again ? and no Pen ſay
Here lies the *Roman liberty* in clay ?
Or can his blood *bow* dye th'Egyptian ſand,
And the black crime do leſs then tan the land ?
And make the *Region* inſtead of a verſe
And Tombe his ſable *Epitaph* and Hearſe ?
So here *Northampton* that brave *Heroe* fell,
Triumphant *Roman*, thy pure paralell,
The bluſh and glory of his age : Who dyed
In all points happy, but the *Weaker ſide*,
Onely to forreign parts he did not roam,
The kind *Egyptians* met him nearer home.
Both, and ſuch, Cau'es, as the world confeſs,
There's naught to plead againſt them but *Succeſs*.
Malignant Loyalty ! a glorious fame
And ſin, for which God never found a name.
Which had it ſcap'd the *Rubrick* of theſe times,
Had ſtill continued among *Holy Crimes*.
A *Text* on which we find no gloſs at all
But in the *Alcoran* of Gold-ſmiths Hall !
Now (*Great Adolphus*) give me leave to ſtir
The Aſhes of thy Urne, and Sepulchre ;
And branch the flowers of the *Swediſh* glory.
As rivald to the life in our ſad ſtory ;
Yet not impair thy plumes by adding more
To ſuit that ſplendor from a neighbour ſhore,
Nor

Nor deem thy honor leſs, thus match'd to be,
If *Compton* dyed to graſping *Victory*.
An active ſoul in gallant fury hurl'd
To club with all the worthies of the world,
Blinde, envious, piping *Fortune*! what could be
The tottering ground of this thy treachery?
To ſtop the ballance of that brave carrear,
Was both at once thy miracle and fear.
Was't not a Pannick dread ſurpriz'd thy ſoul
Of being made ſervile to his high controul?
Bluſh and confeſs poor *Caitiff goddeſs!* ſo
We'l quit his in thy real overthrow.
And *Death* thou worm, thou pale *Aſſaſſinate*!
Thou ſneaking hireling of revenge and hate,
Didſt thou not feel an *Earth-quake* in thy bones?
Such as rends Rocks and their foundations!
No *Tertian* ſhivering, but an *Ague* fit
Which with a burning Feaver ſhall commit
The world to aſhes? when thou ſtol'ſt crept'ſt under
That Helmet which durſt dare *Jove* and his thunder.
But ſince the Bays he reacht at grew not here,
Like a wiſe ſouldier, and a *Cavalier*,
He left his covetous enemy at bay,
Rifling the carriage of his fleſh and clay:
While his rich ſoul purſued the greater game
Of *Honour* to the skies, there fix'd his name.

I ſhall not therefore vex the *Orbes* to trace
Thy ſacred foot-ſteps in that hallow'd place,
Nor ſtart a feigned ſtar, and ſwear it thine,
Then ſtretch the *Conſtellation* to thy line,
Like a *Welch Gentleman* that tacks his kin
To all *Coats* in the country he lives in.
Nor yet, to raiſe thy *Flaming Creſt*, ſhall I
Knock for the wandring *Planets* of the ſkie.
Per haps ſome broken beauty of ſtale doubt,
To comment on her face has hir'd them out.
Let fame, and thy brave race, thy *Statue* live,
The world can never ſuch another give.
While each ſoul ſighs at the ſad thought of thee
There fell a *Province* of *Nobility*.
A fall, had *Zeal* but husbanded its throat, (*Vote*
That ſunk the *Houſe of Lords*, and ſaved the
They onely State mute titles in their gears,
He ſingly repreſented all the *Peers*.
One, had the enemy imploy'd their *Smeck*,
Thoſe *Ring-worms of the Church*, to beg a neck
With *Claudius*, to metropolize all worth,
Rome, and what ere the *Suburb*-world brought forth,
In him the ſword did glut its ravening eye
The reſt that kick'd up were the ſmaller *Frye*.
Sparks only of that fire in him deceas'd
Nyſles that crack'd, and vaniſh North and Weſt:
He led the *Royal* war in ſuch a dy,
In that dire entrance of the *Tragedy*.

The

The ſence (*Great Charles*) no longer to prorogue,
None but thy ſelf could ſpeak thy *Epilogue*.

The London-Lady.

GEntly my *Muſe* ! 'tis but a tender piece,
A paradox of fumes and *Amber-greece*.
A cob web-tinder at a touch takes fire,
The tumbling wherligig of blind deſire,
Vulcan's Pandora in a Cryſtal ſhrine,
Or th' old *Inn* fac'd with a new painted ſign.
The ſpotted voider of the *Term*: in ſhort,
Chymicall nature phyſick'd into Art.
But hold rude *Satyr*, here a *Hector* comes,
A *Cod-piece-Captain*, that with her ſhares ſums,
One claims a Joynture in her ſins, the foile
That puts her off, like the old man ere while
That with a dagger cloak, and ho-boy gapes
And ſqueaks for company for the *Jack-an-Apes*.
This is the fierce St. *George* foreruns the waggon,
And, if occaſion be ſhall kill the *Dragon*.
Don Mars the great aſcendant on the road
When *Thomaſe*'s team begins to jog abroad.
The hinter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,
The *Club Pickearer*, the robuſt *Church-warden*
Of *Lincolne*'s *Inn* back corner, where he angles
For Cloaks and Hats, and the ſmall game entangles.

This is the *City Usher* straid to enter
The small drink country Squires of the first venter,
And dubs them batch'lor Knights of the black Jug,
Mans them into an oath and the French shrug
Make's them fine graduates in smock-impudence,
And gelds them of their puny Mothers sence:
So that when two terms more, and forty pound
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrah* round,
Down to their wondring friends at last they rang',
With breeding just enough to speak them strange,
And drown a younger brother in a look,
Kick a poor Lacquey and berogue the Cook,
Top a small cry of Tenants that dare stir
In no phrase now, but save your *Worship Sir*,
But to return, by this my Lady's up,
Has swom the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,
Convers'd with every washing, every ground,
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found,
Has laid the fix'd complexion for the day,
Her breech rings high *Change* and she must away.
Now down the Channel towards the *Strand* she glides,
Flinging her nimble glances on both sides,
Like the death-darting *Cockatrice* (that fly
Close *Engineer*) that murders through the eye.

The

The firſt that's tickled with her rumbling wheels
Is the old *Stateſman* that in ſlippers reels,
He wire-draws up his jawes and ſnuffs, and grins,
And ſighing ſmacks, but for my aged ſhins,
My *Conclave* of diſeaſes, I would boord
Your loſty Gally: Thus I ſerv'd my *Lord*——
But mum for that, his ſtrength will ſcarce ſupply
His back to the Balcona ſo God b'wy,
By this ſhe has ſurvey'd the golden *Globe*,
And finding no temptation to diſrobe.
To *Durham's New Old Stable* on ſhe packs,
Where having whinc'd and breath'd the what d' ye lacks,
Ruſled or bounced aturn or two in ire,
She mounts the Coach like *Phaeton* all on fire,
Fit for the impreſſions of all ſorts of evill,
And whirles up towards the *Lawyers* and the *Devill*.
There *Ployden* in his laced Ruff ſtarch'd on edge
Peeps like an Adder through a quick-ſet hedge,
And brings his ſtale demur to ſtop the courſe
Of her proceedings with her yoke of horſe;
Then falls to handling of the cauſe and ſo
Shews her the poſture of her overthrow,
But yet for all his Law, and double fees
She'l bring him to joyn iſſue on his knees:
And make him pay for expedition too,
Thus the gray fox acts his green ſins anew.

And

And well he ſcapes if all his *Norman* ſenſe
Can ſave the burning of his *Evidence*.
But out at laſt ſhe's huddled in the dark,
Man'd like a *Lady Client* by the *Clerk*.
And ſo the nimble yongſter at the parting
Extorts a ſmack perhaps before the carting.
Down *Fleetſtreet* next ſhe rowls with powdred creſt, (neſt.
To ſpring clip'd half Crowns in the *Cuckow's*
For now the Heroes of the yard have ſhut
Their ſhops, and loll upon their bulks to put
The Ladies to the ſqueek if ſo perhaps
Their miſtreſſes can ſpare them from their laps:
Not far ſhe waves, and fails before ſhe clings
With the young tribe for pendents, lace, and rings;
But there poor totter'd *Madam*, though too late
Shee meets the topſie-turvey of her ſtate;
For the calm'd Boyes, having nought left to pay,
Are forc'd to pawn her, and ſo run away.
On this the dreadfull *Drawer* ſoon appears,
Like her ill *Genius* about her ears,
With a long bill of *Items* that affright
Worſe than a skull of Halberds in the night.
For now the Jay's compell'd to untruſs all
The tackling upon tick from every ſtall,
Each ſharing Broker of her borrow'd dreſs
Seems to do pennance in her nakedneſs.
For not a Lady of the noble game,
But is compos' at leaſt of all Long Lone;

An

An Animal *together blow'd and made,*
And up'd of all the ſhreds of every Trade.
Thus purely now herſelf homewards ſhe packs,
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks;
Squeez'd to the utmoſt thred, and lateſt grain,
Like *Meteors* toſs'd to their firſt grit again.
A lane, a lane, ſhee comes, ſumm'd down to nought.
But ſhame and a thin-under-petticoat
But leſt I ſhould purſue her to the quick,
I paſs: The chaſe lies now to near the nick.
In pity *Satyr* then the laſh let fall:
He knows her beſt that ſcans her not at all.
And though thou ſeems diſcourteous not to ſave her,
No matter, when thou leav'ſt there's one will have her.

The Times.

TO ſpeak in wet ſhod eyes, & drowned looks
Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks
No ſpirit, life, or vigour, were to own
The cruſh and triumph of affliction;
And creeping with *Themiſtocles* to be
The pale-fac'd penſioners of our enemy.
No 'tis the glory of the ſoul to riſe
By falls, and at rebound to pierce the skies.
Like a brave *Courſer* ſtanding on the ſand
Of ſome high-wor king *Fretum* views a land,
Smiling

Smiling with ſweets upon the diſtant ſide,
Garniſh'd in all her gay imbroidred pride,
Larded with ſprings, and freng'd with curled woods,
Impatient bounces in the capring floods,
Big with a nobler fury than that ſtream
Of ſhallow violence he meets in them; (way
Thence arm'd with ſcorn and courage ploughs a
Through the impoſtum'd billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges ſlaves to oar
And waft him ſafely to the further ſhore:
Where landed, in a ſoveraign diſdain
He turns back, and ſurveys the foaming main,
While the ſubjected waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to waſh the victor's heel,
In ſuch a noble equipage ſhould wee
Embrace th'encounter of our miſery,
Nor like a field of corn, that hangs the head
For every tempeſt, every petty dread.
Croſſes were the beſt *Chriſtians* arms: and we
That hope a wiſhed *Canaan* once to ſee,
Muſt not expect a carpet-way alone
Without a red-Sea of affliction.
Then caſt the dice, lets foord old *Rubicon*,
Cæſar 'tis thine, man is but once undone.
Tread ſoftly through, leſt *Scylla*'s ghoſt awake,
And us i'th' roll of his *Proſcriptions* take.
Rome is reviv'd, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Iſland* are once more a State;
The City trembles: There's no third to ſhield,
If once *Auguſtus* to *Antonius* yield, Law

Law ſhall not ſhelter *Cicero*, the robe
The *Senate*: Proud ſucceſs admits no Probe
Of Juſtice to correct or ſquare the fate
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatſoever it liſts to overthrow,
It either finds it, or elſe makes it ſo,
Thus *Tyranny*'s a ſtately *Pallace*, where
Ambition ſweats to climbe and nuſtle there;
But when 'tis entred, what hopes then remain?
There is no ſally port to come out again.
For miſchief muſt rowl on, and gliding grow,
Like little rivulets that gently flow (creaſe
From their firſt bubling ſprings, but ſtill in-
And ſwell their channel as they mend their pace;
Till in a glorious tide of villany
They over-run the banks, and poſting fly
Like th'bellowing waves in tumults, till they can
Diſplay themſelves in a full Ocean.
And if blind rage ſhould chance to miſs its way,
Brings ſtock enough alone to make a Sea,
Thus treble treaſons are ſecur'd and drown'd
By louder cries of deeper mouth and ſound;
And high attempts ſwallow a puny plot
As Cannons over-whelm the ſmaller ſhot.
Whiles the deaf ſenſeleſs world inur'd a while
(Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)
To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none
Thus cuſtom hallows irreligion!
And ſtroaks the patient breaſt till he admit
The now-grown-light and neceſſary bit.

But

But whether do I ramble? Gauled times
Cannot endure a ſmart hand ore their crimes.
Diſtracted age! What dialect or faſhion
Shall I aſſume? to paſs the approbation
Of thy cenſorious *Synod*; which now ſit
High *Areopagites* to deſtroy all wit?
I cannot ſay, I ſay, that I am one
Of th'*Church* of *Ely houſe* or *Abbington*,
Nor of thoſe pretious ſpirits that can deal
The pomegranates of grace at every meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dreſſer* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of Adoption from my ſin.
But yet if inſpiration or a tale
Of a long waſted ſix-hours length prevail,
A ſmooth certificate from the ſiſterhood,
Or to be termed holy before good,
Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works,
Other then may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*:
If theſe, theſe hint at any thing? Then, then
Whoop! my deſpairing *Hope* come back agen:
For ſince the inundation of grace,
All honeſty's under water, or in chaſe.
But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon
We feed on dreams, imagination,
Humours, and croſs-grain'd paſſions which now reign
In the decaying elements of the brain.
'Tis hard to coin new fancies when there be
So few that launch out in diſcovery.
Nay Arts are ſo far from being cheriſhed,
There's ſcarce a *Colledge*, but has loſt his *Head*,

And

And almoſt all its *Members*: Oh ſad wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged ſound!
To what a height is *Vice* now tower'd? When we
Dare not miſcall it an *Obliquity*?
So confident, and carrying ſuch an aw,
That it ſubſcribes its ſelf no leſs than *Law*?
If this be reformation then? the great
Account purſued with ſo much blood and ſweat?
In what black lines ſhall our ſad ſtory be
Deliver'd over to poſterity?
With what a daſh and ſcar ſhall we be read:
How has Dame *Nature* in us ſuffered?
Who of all Centuries the firſt age are
That ſunk the World for want of due repair?
When firſt we iſſued out in cries and tears,
(Thoſe ſalt preſages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm.
Times crown'd with roſie garlands, ſpice, and balm,
Where firſt a glorious *Church* and mother came,
Embrac'd us in her arms, gave us a name.
By which we live, and an indulgent breſt
Flowing with ſtream to an eternall reſt.
Thus raviſh'd the poor *Soul* could not gheſs even,
Which was more kind to her yet, earth, or heaven.
Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt
Of heaven, whether ſhe were in or out.
Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings
His bleſſing too (even the *Beſt of Kings*)

Safe

Safe and well grounded Laws to guard our peace,
And nurſe our virtues in their juſt increaſe:
Like a pure ſpring, from whom all graces come,
Whoſe bounty made it double *Chriſtendom*.
Such and ſo ſweet were thoſe *Halcyon* dayes
That roſe upon us in our infant rayes;
Such a compoſed *State* we breathed under,
We onely heard of *Jove*, here felt his thunder.
Terrors are then as ſtrange, as love now grown,
Wrong and revenge live quietly at home;
The ſole contention that we underſtood,
Was a rare ſtrife and war in doing good.
Now let's reflect upon our gratefulneſs
How we have added, or (O!) made it leſs,
What are th' improvements? what our progreſs, where
Thoſe handſome acts, that ſay that ſome men were?
He that to ancient Wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth dayes, banq'rupt on the ſcore,
For Father's Creſts are crowned in the Son.
And glorie ſpreads by propagation.
Now vertue ſhield me! where ſhall I begin?
To what a Labyrinth am I now ſlipp'd in?
What ſhall we anſwer them? or what deny?
What prove? or rather whether ſhall we fly?
When the poor widow'd *Church* ſhall ask us where
Are all her honours, and that filial care

We

We owed so sweet a Parent as the Spouse
Of *Christ*, which here vouchsaf'd to own a house?
Where are her *Boanerges?* and those rare
Brave sons of consolation which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Israel* and dispence
The Heavenly *Manna* with such diligence?
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to to passe,
Aut mortui sunt, aut docent literas.
Bless'd *Virgin*, we can only say we have (grave.
Thy Prophets Tombs among us, and their
And here and there in colours paint,
That by thy ruines grew a mighty *Saint*
Next *Cæsar* some accounts are due to thee,
But those in blood already written be.
So lowd and lasting, in such monstruous shapes,
So wide the never to be closed wound gapes;
All ages yet to come with shivering shall
Recite the fearfull pres'dent of thy fall.
Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*,
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done,
A thing before all pattern, all pretence
Of rule or coppy such a strange offence,
Of such original extract, that it bears
Date onely from the *Eden* of our years
Laconian Agis, we have read thy fate,
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee
And fled the horor of thy tragedy;
Thyestes cruel feast and how the Sun
Shrunk in his golden beams, that sight to shun.

The bosoms of all kingdomes open lye,
Plain and emergent to th'enquiring eye,
But when we glance upon our native home,
As the black *Center* to whom all points come,
We rest amaz'd, and silently admire
How far beyond all spleen ours did aspire.
All that we dare assert is but a cry
Of an exchanged peace, for *Liberty*.
A secret term by inspiration known,
A mist that brooks no demonstration,
Unless we dive into our purses, where
We quickly find our freedome purely dear.
But why exclaim you thus? may some men say,
Against the times, when equall night and day
Keep their just course? the seasons still the same?
As sweet as when from the first hand they came?
The influence of the stars benigne and free
As at first *Peep up* in their infancy?
Tis not those standing motions that divide
The space of years, nor the swift hours that glide
Those little particle of age, that come
In thronging *Items* that made up the *Sum*,
That's here intended: But our crying crimes,
Our monsters that abominate the times.
Tis we that make the *Metonymy* good
By being bad, which like a troubled floud
Nothing produce, but slimy mire and dirt,
And impudence that makes shame malepert.

To

To travel further in theſe wounds that lye
Rankling though ſeeming cloſ'd, were to deny
Reſt to an o're-watch'd world, and force freſh tears
From ſtench'd eyes, new alarm'd by old fears,
Which if they thus ſhall heal and ſtop, they be
The firſt that ere were cur'd by *Lethargy*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increaſe
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

The Model of the new Religion.

WHoop! Mr. *Vickar* in your flying frock?
What news at *Babel* now? how ſtands the
When wags the floud? no *Ephimerides*? (*Cock*!
Nought but confounding of the languages?
No more of th'Saints arrival? or the chance
Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? cleer your throat,
May a man have a penny-worth? four a groat?
Or do the *Junćto* leap at truſs a fayle?
Three tenets clap, while five hang on the tayle?
No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?
To preach for ſpoons and wiſtles? croſs or pile?
No hints of truth on foot? no ſparks of grace?
No late ſprung light? to dance the wilde-gooſe chaſe?
No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their flames
From th'inſpiration of the City Dames?

No crums of comfort to relieve our cry?
No new dealt mince-meat of divinity?
Come let's project: By the great late *Eclipse*
We justly fear a famine of the lips
For sprats are rose an *Omer* for a sowse,
Which gripes the Conclave of the lower House.
Lets therefore vote a close humiliation
For opening the seal'd eyes of this blind Nation,
That they may see confessingly, and swear
They have not seen at all this fourteen year.
And for the splints and spavins too, tis said
All the joynts have the *Riffcage*, since the head
Sweli'd so prodigious and excis'd the parts
From all allegiance, but in tears and hearts.
But zealous Sir, what say to a touch at prayer?
How *Quops* the spirit? In what garb or air?
With *Souse* erect, or pendent, winks or haws?
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir* hold forth,
Learning's aventure of the second worth.
For since the people's rise and its sad fall,
We are inspir'd from much to none at all.
Brother adiew! I see y'are closely girt,
A costive *Dover* gives the Saints the squirt.
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts
Like the State's Fleet from the Seas into acts.
But where's the model, all this while; you'le say,
Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On

On Britannicus *his leap three ſtory high, and his eſcape from* London.

PAul from *Damaſcus* in a basket ſlides
Cran'd by the faithful *Brethren* down the ſides
Of their embattel'd wals: *Britannicus*
As loth to truſt the *Brethrens God with us*,
Slides too, but yet more deſp'rate, and yet thrives
In his deſcent, needs muſt ! the Devil drives.
Their cauſe was both the ſame, and herein meet,
Onely their fall was not with equall feet,
Which makes the caſe *Iambick*: Thus we ſee
How much news falls ſhort of *Divinity*.
Truth was their crying crime: one takes the night
Th' other the advantage of *the new ſprung Light*
To mantle his eſcape: How different be
The Priſtin and the *Modern Policy?*
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes?* Yet ſtill
Cloſe in the Propagation of ill?
Hence flowes this uſe and doctrine from the thump.
I laſt ſuſtain'd (belov'd) *Good wits may jump*

Content.

FAir ſtranger! winged maid, where doſt thou reſt
Thy ſnowy locks at noon? or on what breaſt
Of Spices ſlumber o're the ſullen night?
Or waking whether doeſt thou take thy flight?
Shall I go ſeek ſome melancholick grove?
The ſilent theatre of diſpare and love?
There court the *Bittern* and the *Pellican*
Thoſe *Aiery Antipodes* to the tents of man?
Or ſitting by ſome pretty prattling ſpring
Hear hoarſe *Nyctimene* her dirges ſing?
Whiles the rough *Satyres* dance *Curantoes* too
The chattering Sembriefs of her *Woo hoo, hoo*?
Or ſhall I trace ſome ice-bound wilderneſs
Among the caverns of abſtruſe receſs?
Where never prying Sun, nor bluſhing Day
Could ſteal a glimpſe, or interſqueeze a ray?
If not within this ſolitary Cell.
O whether muſt I poſt? Where doſt thou dwell?
Shall I let looſe the reins of blind deſire?
And ſurfet every ravening ſence? Give fire
To any train and tyre voluptuouſneſs
In all her ſoft varieties of exceſs?
And make each day a hiſtory of ſin?
Drink th' *A la mort* Sun down and up agen?

Improve

Improve my crimes to ſuch a roaring ſcore,
That when I dy, where others go before
In whining venial ſtreams, and quarto pages,
My floods may riſe in folio, ſink all ages?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelf in widows tears?
And build my name in th' curſe of them and theirs?
Ship-wrack whole nature to craw out a purſe
With t'molten cinders of the univerſe?
Belch nought but ruin? and the horrid cries
Of fire and ſword, and ſwim in drowned eyes?
Make lanes to crowns, and ſcepters thtough th' heart's veins
Of Juſtice, Law, Right, Church and Soveraigns?
No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way
Of death, this ſcarlet ſtreak'd *Aceldama*.
Shall I then to the houſe of mourning go?
Where the *Salt-Peter Vnates* do over flow
With freſh ſupplies of grief? Freſh tides of brine?
Or traverſe the wide world in every line?
Walke through the bowels of each realm and ſtate
Simpling for rules of policy to create
Strange forms of government of new molds and waſts
Like a French *Kickſhaw* of a thouſand taſts?
Or ſhall I dive into the ſecrecy
Of Nature where the moſt retir'd doth lye?
Or ſhall I waſte the taper of my ſoul
In ſcrutinies where neither *Northern. Pole*

Nor *Southern conſtellation* darts a light
To conſtitute a latitude or height?
Or ſhall I float into the watry pale
Wan kingdom of the *Moon* and there ſet ſail
For all the *Orbs*? and kep high holy-day
With th' *Nectar-tipling-Gods* in th' milky-way?
Swell *Bacchus* tripes with a tun of luſty Sack?
And lay the *Plump Squire* flat upon his back?
O no, theſe revels are too ſhort, too ſour,
Too ſad, hugg'd, and repented in an hour.
Shall I then plough the Seas to forreign ſoils,
And rake the pregnant *Indies* for hid ſpoils
Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the eye
Of heaven, and baniſh all ſociety?
Live in, and out the world? and paſs my days
In treading out ſome ſtrange myſterious maze?
Taſte every humane ſweet? Lilly and Roſe?
With all the ſharp guard that about them grows?
Climbe where diſpair would tremble to ſet foot,
Spring new impoſſibles, and force way to't?
Make the whole Globe a Shop of Chymiſtry
To melt down all her atomes, and deſcry
That ſmall *Icta*, that laſt pittied grain
Which the gull'd ſons of men purſue in vain?
Or ſhall I graſp thoſe meteors, fame, and praiſe?
Which breath by th' charity of the vulgar voice?
Pile honour upon honour till it crack
The *Atlas* of my pride, and break it's back?

Hold

Hold fancy, hold! for whether wilt thou bear
My sun-burnt hope to loss? 'Tis, 'tis not here.
Soar then (*My Soul*) about the arched round
Of these poor spangled blisses: Here's no ground
To fix the sacred foot of pure *Content*,
Her mansion's in a higher element.
Hast thou perceiv'd the sweetness of a groan?
Or tried the wings of contemplation?
Or hast thou found the balm of tears that press
Like Amber, in the dregs of bitterness?
Or hast thou felt that secret joy that flows
Against the tide of common over-throws?
Or hast thou known the dawning of a God
Upon thee, when his love is shed abroad?
Or hast thou heard the secret harmony
Of a calm Conscience ecchoing in thee
A *Requiem* from above? A sealed peace
Beyond the Power of Hell, sin, or decease?
Or hast thou tasted that communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That holy intercourse; those pretious smiles
Dissolv'd in holy whisprings between whiles?
Here, here's the steps lead to her bless'd abode,
Her chair of state is in the throne of God.

May-

May day.

COme *Gallants*, why ſo dull? What muddy-cloud
Dwells on the eye brows of the day? Why ſhroud
Ye up yourſelves in the furl'd ſails of night,
And toſſing ly at *Hull*? Hark how delight
Knocks with her ſilver wings at every ſenſe?
And great *Apollo Laureat* doth commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Jubilee* of the year, (*Sphear*
The Stars are all withdrawn from each glad
Within the tyring rooms of heaven, unleſs
Some few that peep to ſpy our happineſs
Whiles *Phœbus* tugging of *Olympus* craw (*Paw*
Smokes his bright teem along on the *Grand*

Hark how the Songſters of the Shady plain
Cloſe up their Anthems in a melting ſtrain!
See where the glittering Nymphs whirle it away
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*,
And th' Chriſtal ſweating flowers droop their heads
In bluſhing ſhame to call you ſlug-a-beds.
Waſte but a glance upon *Hide-park*, and ſwear
All *Argus* eyes are fall'n, and fixed there.

The

The dapled lawns with Ladies ſhine and glow,
Whiles bubling mounts with ſprings of *Nectar* flow;
And each kind Turtle ſits and bills his Dove
Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in love.

Harke how *Amintas* in melodious loud
Shrill raptures tunes his horn-pipe! whiles a crowd
Of ſnow-white milk-ma ds crown'd with garlands gay.
Trip to the ſoft meaſure of his Lay.
And fields with curds and cream like green-cheeſe lye.
This now or never is the *Gallaxy*.

If the facetious *Gods* ere taken were
With mortall beauties and diſguis'd, tis here.
See how they mix ſocieties, and toſſe
The tumbling ball into a willing loſſe. (take
That th'twining *Ladies* on their necks might
The doubled kiſſes which they firſt did ſtake,

Thoſe pretty earneſts of a maiden-head,
Thoſe ſugred ſeals of love, types of the bed,
Which to confirm the ſweat conveyance more
They throng in thouſand times ten thouſand ſcore.
Such heavenly ſurfeits as they ſporting lye.
Thus catch they from each others lip and eye.

The

The game at beſt, the girls *May rould* muſt be,
Where *Croyden* and *Mopſa*, he and ſhe
Each happy pair make one *Hermaphrodite*.
And tumbling bounce together black and white.
Where had you ſeen the chance, you had not known
Whoſe ſhew had lovelier been *Madam's* or *Joan*.

Then crown the bowl, let every conduit run
Canary, till we lodge the reeling Sun.
Tap every joy, let not a pearl be ſpilt,
Till we have ſet the ringing world a tilt.
And ſacrifice *Arabia Felix* in
One bone-fire, one Incenſe offering.

'Tis *Sack*, 'tis *Sack*, that drowns the thorny cares,
Which hedge the pillow, and abridge our years,
The quickning *Anima Mundi*, that creates
Life in dejection, and out-dares the Fates,
Makes man look big on danger, and out-ſwell
The fury of that thrall, that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my Boys: let each ſoul take its ſip
Who knows what falls between the cup and lip?
What can a voluntary pale look bring
Or a deep ſigh to leſſen ſuffering?
Has miſchief any pity or regard?
The foyl of miſery is a breaſt prepar'd.

Hence

Hence then with folded arms, eclipſed eyes,
And low impriſon'd groans, meek cowardiſe.
Urge not with oars death that in full ſail comes;—
Nor walk in foreſtal'd blacks to the dark tombs,
But rather then the eternall jaws ſhall gape,—
Gallop with *Curtius* down the gallant hap.

Mean time here's that ſhall make our ſhackles light,
And charm the diſmall terrors walk by night,
'Tis this that chears the drooping ſoul revives
The benum'd captive crampt in his cold gyves.
Kingdomes and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*,
Sack the *Grand Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis *Sack* that rocks the boiling brain to reſt,
Confirms the aged hams, and worms the breaſt
Of gallantry to action, runs half-ſhare
And metall with the buff-fac'd Sons of war.
'Tis wit, 'tis art, 'tis ſtrength, 'tis all and more;
Then looſe the flood-gates *George*, we'le pay or ſcore.

An Epigram to Doulus.

Doulus advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,
Came mounting ore the plain in very deed,
Whereat the people cring'd and bow'd the knee,
In honour of my *Lord's* rich livery.

Hence

Hence ſwell not *Doulus*, nor erect thy creſt,
Twas for the *Goddeſs* ſake we capp'd the beaſt.

An Epigram on the People of England.

SWeating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cries
A Boat a Boat, elſe farewell all the prize.
But having once ſet foot upon the deep
Hot-ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt a ſleep.
So we on fire, with zealous diſcontent,
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?
Even ſqueez the wool-packs, and lye ſnorting too.

Another.

BRittain an Orchad ſeem'd to be
Furniſh'd with natures choiſe variety,
Temptations golden fruit of every ſort,
Th' *Heſperian Garden* fain'd from fein'd report.
Great boyes and ſmall together in we brake,
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake,
Up, up, we lift the great Boyes in the trees,
Hoping a common ſhare to ſympathize:
But they no ſooner there, neglected ſtreight
The ſhoulders that ſo rais'd them to this height;
And fell to ſtuffing of their own baggs firſt,
And as their treaſure grew, ſo did their thirſt.

Whiles

Whiles we in lean expectance gaping ſtand
For one ſhake from their charitable hand,
But all in vain, the dropſie of deſire
So ſcorch'd them, three Realms could not quench the fire,
Be wiſe then in your ale, bold youths: for fear
The *Gardner* catch us, as *Moſs* caught his *Mare*

A Sing-ſong on Clarinda's *Wedding.*

NOw that *Love's Holiday* is come,
And *Madg* the *Maid* hath ſwept the room
And trim'd her ſpit and pot,

Awake my merry *Muſe* and ſing
The *Revels* and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd, 'tis ſed
Clarinda broke out of her bed
Like *Cynthia* in her pride:

Where all the Maiden *Lights* that were
Compriz'd within our *Hemyſphere*
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado
They dreſs'd the bride from top to toe
And brought her from her chamber.

Deck'd

Deck'd in her robes, and garments gay
More ſumptuous than the live-long day
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling bullies of her eyes
Like two eclipſed Suns did riſe
Beneath her cryſtall brow,

To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange accidents
Some ſudden changeable events
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tails of the bed
Præſag'd the bluſt'ring night.

With his encircling arms and ſhade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips thoſe threds of ſcarlet dye,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lye,
Legions of ſweets did crown,

Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,
Anon th're not mine own.

Her

Her breaſts thoſe melting Alps of ſnow;
On whoſe fair hills in open ſhow
The *God of Love* lay napping;

Like ſwelling Buts of lively Wine
Upon their Ivory ſteels did ſhine
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waſte that tender type of man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle ſpan,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,

He that whole thouſands has in fee,
Would for feit all ſo he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I paſſe the line,
Pray *Reader* give me leave to dine,
And pauſe here in the middle;

The *Bridegroom* and the *Parſon* knock,
With all the *Hymeneall* flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

When as the Prieſt *Clarinda* ſees,
He ſtar'd as't had been half his fees
To gaze upon her face:

And if the ſpirit did not move,
His continance was far above
Each ſinner in the place.

With mickle ſtir he joyn'd their hands.
And hamp'red them in marriage bands,
As faſt as faſt may be:

Where ſtill me thinks, me thinks, I hear
That ſecret ſigh in every ear,
Once love remember me!

Which done, the Coock he knock'd amain,
And up the diſhes in a train
Come ſmoaking two and two;

With that they wip'd their mouths and ſate,
Some fell to quaffing, ſome to prate,
Ay marry and welcome too

In pairs they thus impal'd the meat
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Beſs*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*;

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* ſo ſweet, (meet
Whoſe cheeks on each ſide of her ſnuffers did
As round and as plump as a codling;

When

When at the laſt they had fetched their freez,
And mired their ſtomacks quite up to the knees
In claret and good chear;

Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was thought they were all'on the pin,
O what kiſſing and cliping was there!

But as luck would have it the *Parſon* ſaid grace,
And to frisking and dancing they ſhuffled apace,
EachLad took his Laſs by the fiſt,

And, when he had ſqueez'd her, and gaum'd her untill
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the griſt.

In ſwet and in duſt having waſted the day,
They enter'd upon the laſt act of the play,
The Bride to her bed was convey'd,

Where knee deep each hand fell down to the ground, (found;
And in ſeeking the Garter much pleaſure was
'Twould have made a mans arm have ſtray'd.

This clutter ore *Clarinda* lay
Halfe bedded, like the peeping day
Behind *Olympus* cap;

Whiles at her head each twittring Girle
The fatal ſtocking quick did whirle
To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſappointed* in the buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his breeches;

But let us not complain, 'tis well
In ſuch a ſtorm I can you tell
He ſav'd his other ſtitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,
Even juſt as if a man had ſed,
Fair Lady have at all;

Where twiſted at the hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly boy,
O who would fear the fall?

Thus both with loves ſweet tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy kiſſes tired,
They could not wait the reſt,

But out the folk and candles fled,
And to't they went, but what they did
There lies the cream o'th' jeſt.

The Mirtle-Grove.

JUſt as the reeling Sun came ſliding down
A mong the *Moors*, and *Tethis* in a Gown
Of ſea-grean watchet ſettled to embrace
Her great *Apollo* from his circled race,
And the ſtreak'd heavens did themſelves digeſt
Into a larger *Iris*, to inveſt
And canopy th' illuſtrious lovely pair.
In a *Diaphanous* Robe of coſtly ayre:
Clarinda roſe amidſt the *Mirtle-grove*,
Like the *Queen mother* of the ſtars above.
But that *Clarinda's* was no borrow'd *Light*,
Nor could it, where ſhe was, be deem'd a night,
Such was the naturall glories ſhe put on,
They ow'd no being to reflection.
Whiles the inſpir'd *Muſicians* of the wood,
Raviſh'd at the new day, powr'd out a floud
Of quavering melody in honyed ſtrains
To court the glittering Deity of the plains.
Thoſe pretty flow'ry beds of ſweets that now
Had clos'd their heads up in an amber dew
Of tears, to mourn the drowſie Sun's good night,
Warm'd with a nobler ardor ſprung up-right,
And threw the mantles of dull ſleep a ſide
In a diſplaid and meritorious pride,

To ſtrew with rich perfumes her balmy way,
Which grew more fragrant by her active ray.
Thus ſweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down
On a curl'd quilt of roſes fondly grown
Proud of their own oppreſſion, whiles they may
Kiſs the dear burden which upon them lay;
Then skreen'd with harmony, ſhe ſtretch'd along
Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright throng
Of *Graces* hover'd ore the firmament
Of her pure orbs drawn to a full extent:
Whiles a ſoft gale of wanton wind that blew,
Did ſport her willing glories into view.
But I, poor dazled I; not daring here
T'attempt the ſplender of each naked ſphear,
Stood peeping through the *Opticks* of the ſhade,
Which to my ſight a kind reflection made.
Her eyes half ſhut up in their chryſtal caſe
Stood twinkling *Centinels* upon her face;
Or elſe to take the proſpect of thoſe fields
Of beauty which that flowing *Temple* yields,
Her coral lips ten thouſand ſmiles enthron'd,
Like cluſtred grapes, which for a vintage groan'd.
The Ivory palace of her ſtately neck
Cloth'd with *Majeſtick* awe, did ſeem to check
The looſer paſtime of her gameſome hair,
Which in wild rings ran trick about the ayre.
Her amorous breſts ſwell'd to a lovely riſe
Of dripping plenty, a twinn'd *Paradiſe*

Of

Of milk and honey, exhal'd my roving eye
Into a ſoul enſnaring extaſie.
And had I not recoil'd without delay,
I there had wandred in the milky way.
Her belly like the *Ace of Clubs*, ſo white,
So black the ſtrutting pillow of delight,
So fired the catching tinder of my ſenſe,
That I no longer Student could commence,
But ſtreight weighed anchor and tack'd up the
To the main-yard, waiting a ſtiffer gale (ſail
To paſs me through thoſe tickliſh ſtreightes of
Into the full *Mediterranian* (*Man*
At laſt I plung'd into the *Elyſian* charms,
Faſt claſp'd by the arched *Zodiack* of her arms,
Thoſe cloſes clings of love, where I pertaked
Strong hopes of bliſs; but ſo, O ſo, I waked!

To my honoured friend Mr. T. C. *that ask'd me how I liked his Miſtreſs being an old* Widow.

BUt prithee firſt how long haſt been
Loſt in this ſad eſtate of ſin?
That the milde Gout, or Pox, or worſe
Serves not to expiate thy curſe?
Some Peſtilence elſe may be thought upon,
And not ſuch abſolute damnation.
Are rocks and halters grown ſo dear
That there's no periſhing but here
Does no *Committee* yet ſurvive,
Thoſe cheaper *Gregories* of men alive?

If thou wilt needs to See, Oh muſt it be
In an old *Galliaſſe* of ſixty three?
A ſnail crawl'd botom? A gray bark
That ſtood at font for *Noah's Ark*?
Whoſe wrinkled poop in figures furl'd
Deſcribes her travells round the world?
A *Nut* wch when th'haſt crack'd & fumbled ore,
Thou'lt find the *Squiril* has been there before?
Then raiſe the ſiege from falling on
That old diſmantled garriſon.
Raſh Lover ſpeak, what pleaſure hath
Thy *Spring* in ſuch an *Aftermath*?
Who, were ſhe to the beſt advantage ſpread,
Is but the dull huſk of a maiden-head.
How canſt thou then delight the ſenſe
In beauties præterperfect tenſe?
And dote upon that free ſtone face
Which wears but the records of grace?
Whoſe antick *Monaſt'ry* brags but a Cheſt
Of venerable *Reliques* at the beſt?
O can there ſuch a famine be
Of piping-hot virginity,
That thou are forced to ſlur and cheat
Thy ſtomach with the broken meat?
Why he that woes a *Widow* does no more
Then court that *Quagmire*, where one ſunk be-
Fie, prize not then thoſe *Arras-Looks* (fore.
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-hall Books*!
I like thy fancy well to have
Its miſery ſo near its Grave.

And

And tis a generall ſhrift, that moſt men uſe,
But yet tis tedious waiting dead mens ſhooes,
If'twere thy plot I do confeſs
For to make *Mumme* of her greaſe,
Or ſwop her to the Paper Mill,
This were extracting good from ill.
But if thou wed'ſt on any worſe condition,
Thoul't prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superſtition*.
But prithee hold, let me adviſe,
Perhaps ſhe's rich and ſeems a prize,
New chalk'd, new rigg'd, a ſtately Friggot,
But yet ſhe's tapp'd at lower ſpiggot.
Yet if no med'cine for thy grief be found,
There's ſmall ods *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or drown'd.

The Engagement Stated.

BE gon *Expoſitor* : the *Text* is plain,
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Soveraign*
Away with mentall reſervations, and
Senſes of Oaths in files out-vy the *Strand*,
Here's hell truſs'd in a thimble, in a breath,
Dares face the hazard of the ſecond death.
The Saints are grown *Laconians*, and can twiſt
Perjury up in pills like *Leydon* griſt,
But hold precize *Deponents* : Though the heat
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digeſts ſuch meat,

My

My cold concoction ſhrinks, and my advance
Drives ſlowly to approach your *Ordinance*;
The ſigne's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns
Leonick, rowl'd in curls while *Terra* burns
What though your fancies are ſublim'd to reach
Thoſe fatall reigns? Succeſs and will can teach
But raſh divinity. A ſad renown
Where one man fell to ſee a million drown.
When neither Arts nor Arms can ſerve to fight,
And wreſt a title from its law and right,
Muſt malice piece the *Trangum*? and make clear
The ſcruple elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before,
And make good leſſer crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the line
And ſhames the puny ſoul of *Cataline*.
On this account all thoſe whoſe fortunes croſt,
And want eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt*.
Vaulx we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy plot fell lame;
We found a cloſer ſeller for the ſame,
Piling the fatall Powder in our mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe*;
Maugre *Mounteagle*, aſps not throughly ſlain,
Their poiſon in an age may live again.

Good

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us ſee
The myſtery of your iniquity
May a man courſe a cur? And freely box?
The Queſtion? Or the formall paradox?
But as in phyſick, ſo in his device
This querk of policy the point is nice,
For he that in this model means to thrive,
Muſt firſt ſubſcribe to the preparative;
Like Witches compact countermarch his faith,
And ſoak up all what ere the *Spirit* ſaith;
Then ſeal and ſign. *Sylla* threw three bars ſhort,
He had a ſword indeed, but no *Text* for't.
Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in ſin,
We perfect, what thou trembl'ſt to begin;
Bluſh then to ſee thy ſelf out-done. But all
The world may grieve, 'tis epidemical.
Heaven frowns indeed. But that makes hell enraged?
Sweet *Pluto* be at peace we have Engaged.

Prælegenda, to the ſucceeding Poem, viz. *The Wife-hater*:

I.
Why Women where made.

WOman in the begining (as 'tis ſaid)
To be an help to man was chiefly made;

Then

Then ought not women much to be commended,
Who anſwer th' end for which they were intended?
Women were made to help men, ſo they do,
Some unto ſorrow, grief, diſeaſes too;
Others do their kind husbands help to ſpend
Their whole eſtates, thus anſwer they their end.
Some help men unto more then they were born,
To have (I mean) *Actæons* head and horn.

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedſt parts in men:
Nature firſt fram'd her of a mans rib, ſhe
Then can't chuſe, but a croſs-grain'd creature be,
And ever ſince (it may not be deni'd)
Poor man hath ſubject been to a ſtich i' th' ſide.
Yet ſome there are, who in a gratefull mind,
Would ſoundly rib their husbands, could they finde
A good tough Cudgel, and make this their anſwer,
They but reſtore what *Eve* ſtole from their Granſire?
And 'tis reaſon too (as't hath been tri'd)
A bad wife ſits ſo cloſe to her husbands ſide,

What

3.

What they committed, ſo ſoon as they were made.

No ſooner made, but ſhe runs into all
Miſchief herſelf, then cauſeth man to fall:
And now that judgement on their ſex is doubled,
They'r with a two-fold falling-ſickneſs troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in love and luſt compared be
Unto a pumice-ſtone, for that we ſee
Is full of holes, ſo they, when once in love,
Moſt hallow-hearted to their ſervants prove;
In love they like it are, becauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble;
Play with a luſtfull girle, and yon ſhall ſee,
How like unto the pumice-ſtone ſhe'l be,
Which way ſoe're you do her troul,
You'l find againſt you ſtill an open hole.

VITU-

VITUPERIUM UXORIS.

OR,

THE WIFE-HATER.

1.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'l tell him, what a kind of life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhe's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

2.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way;
Nay, when he's at his treaſure,
The gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtraight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toil of's pleaſure.

3.

Or if one old, and paſt her doing,
He will the chamber-maid be wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper;
But if he chuſe one moſt formoſe,
Ripe for't, ſhe'l prove libidinous,
Argus himſelf ſha'nt keep her.

4. For

4.

For when those things are neatly drest,
They'l entertain each wanton guest,
Nor for your honour care;
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withall,
So you their charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, gross, heavy Dame,
Your riches to encrease,
Alasse! she will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better sport,
Lie with a pot of grease.

6.

If meager—— be thy delight,
She'l conquer in venereal fight,
And waste thee to the bones.
Such kind of girles like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or else they'le grind the stones.

7.

If black, 'tis ods she's div'lish proud;
If short, *Zantippe* like, too loud,
If long, she'l lazy be,
Foolish (the Proverb sayes) if fair;
If wise and comely danger's there,
Lest she do Cuckold thee

8. If

8.

If ſhe bring ſtore of money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs, no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'l fil the houſe with ſcolding thunder,
What worſe than ſuch a life?

9.

But if their Dowry only be
Beauty, farewell felicity,
Thy fortune's caſt away.
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In belly, and in back-deſire,
To labour night and day.

10.

And rather then her pride give o're,
She'l turn perhaps an honour'd whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon'd* be,
Whileſt like *Acteon* thou mayeſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep
Such as devoure thee.

11.

If being Noble thou doſt wed
A ſervile creature, baſely bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'l ſwear to exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low deſcent it graces.

If

12.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knowes not what may betide him.
She whom he did for the learning honour,
To ſcold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

13.

If both her parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoil your future fortune;
But if departed th'are this life
You muſt be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

14.

If bravely dreſt fair fac'd and witty,
She'l oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you ſay her nay.
She'l tell you (if you her deny)
Since women have terms ſhe knows not why
But they ſtill keep them may.

15.

If thou make choice of Country ware.
Of being Cuckold there's leſs fear;
But ſtupid honeſty
May teach her how to ſleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cowes than thee:

16.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's consangninity;
Then let no kin be chosen.
He looseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure
To th' arms of a first Cozen.

17.

He'l never have her at command,
Who takes a Wife at second hand;
Then chuse no widowed mother.
The first cut of that bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But taster to another?

18.

Besides if she bring children many,
'Tis like by thee she'le not have any,
But prove a barren Doe:
Or if by them she ne're had one,
By thee 'tis likely shee'l have none.
Whilst thou for weak-back go.

19.

For there where other Gardner's have been (sowing
Their seed but ne'r could find it growing,
You must exspect so to;
And where the *Terra incognita*
So'r plow'd, you must it fallow lay,
And till for weak-back go.

20. Then

20.

Then truſt not a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widowes place;
Thoſe weaker veſſels may
Spring leak, or ſplit, againſt a rock,
And when your fame's wrapt in a ſmock,
'Tis eaſily caſt away.

21.

Yet be ſhe fair, foul, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your ſoul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married Wife

He who conſiders this may end the ſtrife,
Confeſſe no trouble like unto a Wife.

AN ELEGIE

On

Mr. *John Cleaveland.*

PRime Wits are prun'd the first this may appear
By that high valued piece interred here;
Whose Laureat Genius wrapt with sacred skill
Prov'd his extraction from *Pernassus* Hill;
Whose Fame, like *Pallas* Flame, shone in each clime.
Crowning his Fancy royally divine.
Rich in Elixar'd measures, and in all
That could breath Sense in airs Emphaticall,
Pure Love his Native influence, a lot *Scot*,
Given him from Heav'n, No people save the
But did affect him:—— These had lov'd him too,
Had he school'd *Baseness* with a smoother Brow;
But his refined temper scorn'd t'engage
His *Pen* to time, or humour any age.
Compleat in all that might true honour gain,
Onely an enemy to *Withers* Strain:
Holding it still the Prodigy of Time
To Canonize a Poet for a Ryme.
Free in fruition of himself: Content,
In what dis-relish'd servile Sp'rits, *Restraint.*
Now some will say, his *Volume* was to small,
To reare an *Hermian* Arch or Escurall

To

To his dilated Fame :— O do not put
These frivolous Objections! *Homers* Nut
Inclos'd a *living Iliad.* 'Tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but such
As can act wonders and apply a cure
To States surprized with a Calenture:
And whith their Quill beyond all Chymick Art
Purge the corruptions of a state-sick Heart
By *rare Phlebotomy* :— This art was his,
Which made his name so pretious as it is.
Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*
To spare the Person, *but to tax the* Crime:
Age is not summon'd by *years* but *hours* as *Times*,
So *Works* are ballanc'd, not by *Leafs* but *Lines.*
Clitus affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath
That *Celsus* Poems were mere food for th' Moth:
And for those *Manuscripts* which *Mævius* writ,
They might be styl'd the Surpuedry of Wit.
Look home, & weigh the *Fancies* of these days,
And you'l conclude, they merit equall praise:
A Title or a Frontispiece in plate
Drawn from a Person of desertless State,
Lures Legions of Admirers— Wits must want
That hold a distance with the Sycophant.
Timists be onely thrivers: But a brain
Thats freely generous scorns servile gain.
Such was this pure *Parnassian* whose clear nature
To gain a world could never brook to *flatter.*
Poize this *Imparalel*; and you will find
A Mine of treasures in a matchless mind,

" No more! the Name of Cleaveland ſpeaks to
" A living Annal, dying Elegie. (me

Upon the pitiful Elegy writ lately on him; modeſtly taxed, and freely Vindicated by the candid cenſure of an indeared Brother.

SInce thy remove from Earth, there came to me
A Funerall Elegy addreſt to thee:
Elegiacks made gratious by thy Name,
But too ſhort lung'd *to paralell thy Fame.*
Laurel *and* Bays *were the Subjects of his Pen,*
Whoſe muddy Muſe deſerved none of them.
A ſublimated ſtile bereft of Senſe,
Is like a Brain-ſtrapt Juſtice *on a Bench,*
Whoſe tones are thunder, Fury and command,
But in a Dialect *none underſtand.*
Thy native Fancy was no Lucian *Dream,*
Deriv'd from th' Chryſtall Rills of Hyppocrene:
Th' free-born Genius *did it ſelf expreſs*
In Phidias *Colours without forreign dreſs*
Much like the Damask Roſe, *but newly blown.*
And bluſheth in no Tinctnre, but her own.
Such was thy Poeſie, *which th'* Albion State
May envy, or admire ſcarce imitate.
In pureſt Odes Bards *ſhould thy loſs bemone*
And in ſurviving meaſures, or in none

For

For these who want art to imbellish worth,
Wrong them whom they endeavour to set forth.

" Sic perit ingenium, Genii ni pignora vitam.
" Perpetuam statuant, & Monumenta struant.
" Aurea sic docilem coluerunt Secula vatem,
" Ordine *Pieridum* commemorando parem.

Auson.

THE CHARACTER

Of a London-Diurnal.

A *Diurnal* is a punie *Chronicle*, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an History in *sippets*, the English *Illiads* in a nut-shell; the *Apocryphal Parliaments* Book of *Maccabbees* in single sheets; it would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: For it is of that *Extract*; only of the younger house, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobster*. The *Original Sinner* in this kind was Dutch *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-in-Kelders*. The *Countesse* of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year: It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispiece of the old *Beldame Diurnal*, like the contents of the *Chapter*, sitteth the *House of Commons*, Judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For such is a *Diurnal*, the day of the *month*, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is

taken

taken for the pulse of the *Body politick*, and the *Emperick Divines of the Assembly*, those *spiritual Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The *Country Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Divel and his *Exorcist*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *White* one, whose office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law-still-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall assent*: 'Tis own of the *Parliaments by-blows* (acts being ligitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than the *Spanish Ginnet*, that is begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Malitia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue onely of the *Mother*, without the concourse of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his *Clock* went true, what ever the sun said to the contrary

The next *ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots, horrible plots*, which with wonderfull sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Walter*

ter Earl looks like a Man-midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*. But *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; and ſince the *Stages* were *voted* down the only *Play-houſe* is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *Water*. *Good conſcionable intelligence*! For however *Pim's* bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honeſt vermine* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barbar* in *Moor-fields*, while he was contriving ſome *Querpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying ears*, and the *Otacouſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a *Plot*, that *Selden* intends to combat *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe*, that preſerved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my *Lord of Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Prerogative*? and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppoſe a *Corn-Cutter*, being to give little *Iſaac a caſt off his office*, ſhould fall to paring his *Brows*, miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe he branches at both: This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnal* would furniſh you with this ſcail of *Votes*.

Re-

Resolved upon the Question, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the *representative forehead of Isaac*.

Resolved, that the *evill Counsellors* about the *Corn cutter* are Popishly effected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publick thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaac's Brow-antlers*: and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter*, and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *Windmils* of their own heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make plots and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennel the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebels Romance*, stories of a larger size than the ears of their *Sect*, able to strangle the bel es of a *Soli fidian*.

I'le present them in their order; and first as a *Whiffler* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, traverst his ground, made a leg and *Exit*. The *Country-people* took him for one, that by *Order* of the *Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West* of *England*. Well! he is a nimble *Gentleman*, let him upon *Banks* his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

There

There was a vote paſſing to tranſlate him, with all his equipage, into Monumentall Ginger bread, but it was croſſed by the Female, Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their Children by the tongues.

This Cubit and a half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is ſtrange you will ſay, and it is generally believed, he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-ſalve was invented, that ſo wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the ſame removes,

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope; Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight-Errantry: and becauſe every *Mountebank* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazelrig* to ſet of the Story; theſe two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worſhipped in the ſame Chapter, they hunt in their couples; what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Pſalmes with another to the ſame, one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Leaſe of his body.

Firſt *Stamford* ſlew him: then *Waller* out-killed

killed that half a bar; and yet it is thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Manſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the head after execution ſhould ſtand upon the ſhoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the *Diurnals* hath ſlain for him, to us poor mortals ſeem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the ſword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whoſe Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *City-Champion*, and the *Diurnals delight*, he that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: For he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph, there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate but the Scene to *Round-way Down*. There *Hazlerig*'s Lobſters were turned into Crabs, and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Wife for a uſe of conſolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his drums clean thorough the Old Teſtament? you may learn the Genealogie

of

of our Saviour, by the names of his Regiment. The Muſter Maſter uſes no other Liſt than the firſt chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themſelves entertain ſuch an Army of *Hebrews?* This *Cromwel* is never ſo valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſs he doth ſomewhat ominouſly with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of prey too by his bloody beak; his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-ſhed; for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſs would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument* then down goes *duſt* and *aſhes*: and the ſtouteſt *Cavalier* is no better. *O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subſizer* to the *Worms*: in Whom *Death*, who formerly devoured our *Anceſtors*, now chews the cud. He ſaid grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marqueſs* of *Newcaſtle*: nay and the *Diurnall* gave you his bill of fare; but it proved a running banquet

banquet, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge* teem of *Committee men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) muſt be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledges* is entailed upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as for *Abbeys*: a ſecure ſin, whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for *Church-robbery*, that gives himſelf the benefit of the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwels* Noſe wears the *Dominicall Letter* compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an *holy day*. This, this is the man of God, a ſanctified *Thumber-bolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtile him the *Archangel* giving battle to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them make a ſeverall *ſpecies*, ſo every one of his *Souldiers* is a diſtinct *Church*. Had theſe beaſts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of ſand, it were ſo many Sects twiſted into an *Aſſociation*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſign of a *coward* to *wink* and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by traduction: if he was begoten a Saint it was by equivocal generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the Son, ſo his godlineſs is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted of bad manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick nerve, Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talk'd much of Victories, but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwayes beat the Giant: that's reſolved. If any thing fall out amiſſe, which can not be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his pett-toes; ſuch ſnivelling Cowards, that

that it is a Favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter man, at a thankſgiving Dinner: had he been a *Cannabal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatch'd at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation.*

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vouz avez Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliеſt embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe in mending one hole they made three?

But I have not Inke enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall Combat of *Apuliut*, who thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt, but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such and ſo empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnall*, but ſo many inpoſthumated

Fancies, ſo many bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the Ear mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *Perſona in concreto* (to borrow the *Soleciſme* of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red-bull phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven Devills *ſolus*: It is a well trus'd title, that contains both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a noun of multitude; he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as Monſtruous as the Man, a compleat notion of the ſame lineage with accumulative treaſon: For his office is the Heptarchy of *Englands* Fritters: it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is great; for it is here, as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he rings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head; joyn them together, and there is a harmony in diſcord, the tripple-headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the Reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out bulks the ſubſtance, whereof he is a remnant.

There

There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſs there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands, that weilds the Scepter, the tyrranicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be waved; whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and makes *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* then a Committee. There is leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet, than by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured officer he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſs and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him Martially, and he is a Juſtice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a Non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rhubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in diſcourſe, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an emblem of the golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a pidgeon may converſe with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a furr'd *Alderman*, have an Anagram re-

ſemblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury, and a *Billa vera?* It is a left-handed Garriſon, where their authority perches; but the more prepoſterous, the more in faſhion: the right-hand fights, while the left rules the reins: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all adventues to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governors Mattroſs to fit his truckle, to raiſe Aſſeſſements in the neighbouring Wapentake. The Country people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milke, unleſs ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is, he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this ſacred Crocodile. So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is ſo preternatural, that it is rather a viſard than a face, *Mars* in him hath a blinking aſpect, his *face of Arms* is like his *coat parte per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a ſcantling. Now enter his Taxing and degrubing face, a ſqueezing look like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were breeding over a cloſeſtool

Take him thus, and he is in the inquiſition of the purſe an authentick Gypſie, that nips your Bung with a canting Ordinance; not a

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murthered fortune in all the *Country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the body politick, that ſwells it ſelf to the conſumption of the whole. At firſt indeed he ferretted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf; he lives upon the ſins of the people, and thats a good ſtanding diſh too; he verefies the Axiom, *Jiſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour; certainly it is under the ſame notion, as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mal-cut-purſe*, as the predominant in that faculty. He out dives a Dutchman, gets a Noble of him, that was never worth ſix-pence; for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but Dutch like he will be dreyning even the drieſt ground; he aliens a Delinquents eſtate with as little remorſe as his Holineſs giveth away an Hereticks kingdome; and for the truth of the delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of infallibillity. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle money. To ſpeak the truth he is the univerſall Tribunall: for ſince theſe times, all cauſes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diſeaſes turn oft to the Plague. It

concerns our Maſters the Parliament to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, ſo he looks for a Reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to ſay right it is his due: but by the ſame title as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when ſuch cattel would hardly have been taken upon ſuſpicion of men in office, unleſs the old Proverb were renewed, that the beggars make a free company and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee, what it is to hang together; look upon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble, for ſome threads of charity: But O they are Tarmagrants in conjunction! like Fiddlers who are rogues when they go ſingle, and joyned in conſort, Gentlemen Muſicianers. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him a receit of his grand Catholicon.

Take a State-Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the exciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land Piracy of Ship-money; next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman, tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of Delving *Adam*. Adde to theſe a mortified bankrupt, that helps out his falſe weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, and with his peremptory ſcales

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A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a ſetter-light, a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads the graſs grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſign with him is alwayes in the clutches There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feaver; he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference;

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one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous harpy had a humane viſage. Death it ſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Goſpell, he lives among Tombs nor is all the holly water ſhed by Widows and Orphans a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſſe him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of Witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with their terrour, wean the Familiar.

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations; and ſo the ſponge weeps out the moiſture which he ſoaked before; Or elſe he meets his paſſing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garriſon; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtakes his Commons and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his deſert: For what is obſerved of ſome creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in productions three ſtories high; ſuckling the firſt, big with the ſecond, and cliketing for the third. A Committee man is the Counterpoint; his miſchief in ſuperfetation, a certain ſcale of deſtruction; for he ruins the Father, beggers the

the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

A Letter to a Friend diſſwading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore and give you poſſeſſion of this breaſt, yet I know not whether with the uſuall complement I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that relation in ſo long an abſence, ſhe having expoſed her nobleſt Iſſue, being conviction enough to make you diſclaim her. Beſides there is ſuch a new face of things ſince your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the inhabitant, is now the Kingdomes, *To be a ſtranger at home*, inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſs to travell other Countreys in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is but an alien in her looks, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not ask her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of her ſelf; you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland, that had made a voyage only to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some who have ſpell'd her lineaments, ſay ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the paralell, they doubt not to inſtance our *Hogan* Governours. It is in a bro-

ken

ken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking-Glass, where instead of one face, that Monarch-like, should represent the whole, you may see variety of lesser ones, glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreigner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the heavens stand still, the same may be said of the State of ours, and the Royall train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its settled posture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd it self. In this case, though it be a fallacy in the sence, it holds good in reason, that the shore moves and falls off from the Sailor. Whence you see Sir, there is some possibility I might reverse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the sage experience you have treasur'd up in your observations: for no sooner had you lost your native soil, but by way of reprisal you took in others. The Dominions you visit you carry along with you, and by a victorious industry make them pay tribute to your understanding; not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return so empty and without their errand as if their travell like the Witches in the air, were nothing

nothing but the waſtage of a deluded phantaſy, perſwading themſelves, that they circle the Globe, when the Card, they ſail by, is nothing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture. But methinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the *Nnn* : where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelf were more exotick, or the form of accoſting it : For although it be natural for jealouſie to ſtudy fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſs fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous viſit manag'd with the caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupids* Barriers, breathing exerciſe rather then a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the utermoſt. Had your old Romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted durance; nor had you been leſs concerned in the reſcue, than the fair Recluſe; for who, that blows ſhort in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few inviouſ bars, would not feel himſelf like another S. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtomes

ſtones may vary with the clime! As there are ſome Regions, who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhooes inſtead of their hats: ſo it ſeems where you have been, there is as different a form of impriſonment; the Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſuit his ſoul is arreſted cloſe clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this gate thoſe *Chryſom*-lovers called *Platonicks* had their firſt training; thoſe ſqueaſie gamſters that diet themſelves with the very notion of mingling ſouls without putting their bodies to further brokage, than kiſſing of hands, and twiſtimg of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of thoſe puling ſtomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloiſter. It is but trifling ſports for you to pull down the Out-lier, unleſs you leap the pale, and let ſlip at the herd. I wonder what exorciſme the Abbeſs uſed to get quit of the *Incubus*: for had ſhe not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turned the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. but in ſober ſadneſs why a *Nun*? Sir, how come you out of the active torrant into that ſolitary creek! Princes ſeldome treat of Matches but in forreign Dominions; your affections takes greater ſtay, as fixing upon one of another world: had your paſſion been centred on the beauty of her ſoul,

I had looked upon it as the act of your converſion; ſuch a love might juſtly have been chriſtened by the name of Zeal, being ſettled on a perſon, on whom to be enamoured is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not ſome who ſuſpect our Religion, leſt equivocating from the beauty of her perſon, to that of her profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper are rather ſolicitous for the Church in generall, for fear leſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a *Nun*, and ſo with him to make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, conſider, I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate further in this age of Novelties, when the world is ſo ſpent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even ruſt and rottenneſs are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming verdure; not one of all thoſe beldam hereſies, that did pennance formerly by the doom of the Ancients, but hath caſt her skin ſince theſe confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for a blooming Virgin. But, I think, I may ſpare this piece of Counſell: I dare be your compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fired your ſpirits was the Ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aſpiring frenzy, but by making to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did

you

you frame your courtſhip? Laick applications are here ſcandalous, nor will it avail to ſay you languiſh without compaſſion: a ſenſuall man is able to vitiate the veſtall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope, uſe to cannonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them; will you run counter to their conſecration, and degrade a Saint by Morall addreſſes? If you have no room in your Kalendar for perſons upon earth, yet do not prophane a probationer of heaven, as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition were, with our Modern Reformers to bow it into Atheiſme. Let me adviſe you Sir, to retrieve yourſelf back from this carnall ſacriledge. Catch not at *Heroſtratus* his fame by ſetting fire on the Temple; and diſpute not a ſhape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond fall of Angels: Nay never ſtart Sir, nor look about at the expreſſion; for I perſwade my ſelf that thoſe Divines, who allot to each of us a tutelar Angell for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a Perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble friend, that what my Phantaſie ſuggeſted upon this ſubject, I would mould into number; but I muſt beg

your

your pardon it being a Requeſt, with which to comply were to be your Fellow criminal, and by a conformity of guilt, to pervert a votary; for even my Muſe is vowed and veild too; ſhe is ſet apart for the ſervice of my Miſtreſs, and what is that but even true Religion? The truth is ſhe is ſo charily confined to that ſole employment, that ſhould I in verſe attempt to yeild you an account how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a Diſtick; whereas in tranſitory proſe were I maſter of all thoſe languages, which I make no queſtion, but you have gain'd by your travels, I ſhould hold them all to few to give you ſufficient aſſurance, that I am.

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull,

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my ſervant, entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133. o. 8. this preciſe ſum I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your

your wisdome might own the monies, though your honesty could hardly allow the act, which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary; and upon the audit finde the receipt, we may happily count it a loan and not a loss, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him or send him hither, and we shall, if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed; If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants, and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours: *W. E.*

The Answer.

SIxtly; beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospell is start aside! then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Also this should teach us to imploy our tallents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers it had been just, then the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that-that-! You see what use Sir, I make of your doctrine you sent to me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at wit, you must pardon it to quit scores: I pretend alittle to a gift

gift in preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the phraſe of the loſt Groat, and the prodigall Son, and ſuch a *tantum* of language; but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, but now and then a little harlottry Rhetorick: you ſay, that your man is entred our Ark, I am ſorry you are ſo ignorant in Scripture, as to let him come ſingle; The text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to bear him company, for then the beaſts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, 133. 0. 8. ſure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the ſum, but why you call it the preciſe ſum, ſince it is fallen away, I underſtand not: but how come you to reckon ſo punctually! Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table-Dormant? What year of the perſecution of the Saints? I wonder, you did not rather count it by the ſhekels, that is the more ſanctified coyn. I take it you are miſtaken in the Sanctuary you ſpeak of; for that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of eaſe, not the mother Church, our Garriſon of *Newark*. But the beſt is, they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you count the loſſe but a loan, we ſhall grant as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand

was troubled with the Palesy when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate; so what say you to an occasional meditation? Reflect but on yourself, how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man; he hath but transcribed and copied out the disloyalty of his master, as his fraternity hath taught him; and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants and more such sums; to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

Sir,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled Spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? How easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell? I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not safe nibling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is profane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare undertake like a mighty Colosse (whose very motion doth *Cleave Land* like *terram findere*) to devoure indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsel, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Characters, and by couples entring the Ark upou account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching.

Pity

Pity it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavoury leſſons, wholeſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious collections, as might worthily have entituled you to the confortable ſubſiſtence of a well gleb'd Vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great ſuch a divine knowledge as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy writ, unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch; Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſ-imploy'd in ſecular affairs; ſuch as an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our party hath of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſouls as *Chaucers* Frier, with the ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay, you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected, but however you expected penitential language and humble ſtyle. The groat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an addreſs full of complaints. Sir, we (like yourſelves) can ſpeak big of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuity confeſs them; though I for modeſty will not ask you, who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King; but of that-for that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrell at preciſeneſs, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very--How you quarrell at your good! had you

miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage, before he arrived at our Chappell of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part of his forwardneſs, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of *Newark*: I ſhould have liked the ſecurity well, and when your works had failed to ſave you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophaneſs can compact with mudd, to caſt up a trench of ſecurity; attempt not, though a Gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

The Anſwer.

THe Philoſopher, that never laughed but once when he ſaw an Aſs mumbling of thiſtles, would have broke his ſpleen at the rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, obſerving how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letters, leſt it ſhould prick your chaps? But ſomething muſt needs be repty'd: Repititions are uſual with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a ſpittle-Sermon, where I peceive your

your ambition, how you would prove your ſelf a clean beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the cud: For the firſt ſentance, where you ſpeak of troubled ſpirits, and ſacred Oracles, you talke, as if you were in *Doll Commons* extaſie; certainly your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your expreſſions had not run ſo muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if poſſible to be reconciled to ſence. The wit which you ſay may be truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell, I fear your Oval crown hath ſcarce capacity to contain: your diſclaim being a Coloſs content; I have as diminutive thoughts of you, as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen ſhall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land*, like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull ſheets for the production of a quibble! But I applaud your Cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land*? Tread but hard, and your cloven foot will leave its impreſſion; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers; indeed hard words are the Juglers dialect: but take heed, the time may come, when unleſs you play *preſto be gone*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers-wiſe to diſgorge your fate, and vomit

a rope inſtead of inke. But to eccho your compaſſion, and return you an Inventory of your good party, is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and crumbs of comfort, and liberally ſed with all the minced meat in Divinity; Is it not pity ſuch a pious gogle at the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the Noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were edifying the ear in private, beſides the Cheverall lungs which will ſtretch forth ſo far as ſeventeenthly; Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualifyed you for a tub-Lecture, and in time have inlarged our Dioceſs, as that of Hidbery, as thoſe ineffable parts, that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance-preſade in the Church-militant, be converted to a brother of the blade: Such a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might have ſaved more ſouls, than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe: your pen is Coy, and you wave the holy ground, and the holy Coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a Congregagation, as Saint *Pauls*; for the holy coin you

muſt

must pardon me, if I suspect the Chastity of your fingers. I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellons; witness the Church-revenues, and several sacriledges, that cannot be paired off with your nails; But there is another reason why I abstain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money; but verily, verily, never springs the patridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters! the man when he was with you, was on of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must pass for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it; and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your faith, whereby you hold yourselves able to remove mountains: for your advice not to throw stars at your head, I embrace it; for what need I as long as there is goose-shot to be had for money? my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant, I accept it; onely I am sorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self.

Sir,

Your servant,

Jo. Cl.

THE CHARACTER OF *A DIURNAL-MAKER.*

A *Diurnal-maker* is the Sub-almoner of Hiſtory, Queen *Mabs* Regiſter; on whom by the ſame figure, that a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may ſtile an Author, it is the like over-reach of language, where every thin tinder-cloaked Quack as Doctor, when a Clumſey Cobler uſurps the attribute of our Engliſh peers, and is vamped a Tranſlator; liſt him a Writer and you ſmother *Geoffery* in ſwather ſlops; the very name of *Dabler* over-ſets him, he is ſwallowed up in the praiſe like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Sadle, nothing to be ſeen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithete, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, juſt ſuch another blot-rampant. He has not ſtuffings ſufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He defames a good Title, as well as moſt of our modern Noble-men, thoſe

thoſe Weins of greatneſs, the body politicks moſt peccant humours, bliſtred into Lords. He hath ſo rawboned a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expreſſion. The ſilly Countryman (who ſeeing an Ape in a ſcarlet coat, bleſt his young worſh p, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his houſe) did not ſlander his Complement with worſe application, than he that names this ſhred an Hiſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian: is to Knight a Mandrake, it is to view him through a perſpective, and by that groſs Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſſe muſter with a Scotch Stationer in a ſieve-full of ballads and Godly Beuks. He would not ſerve for the breſt-plate of a begging Græcian. The moſt crampt *Compendium* that the age hath ſeen ſince all learning was torn into ends, out-ſtrips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a play, but never ſaw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagin to be the Off-ſpring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the preſs, but it ſeems much after that faſhion, elſe how could this vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate writer,

Writer, when thoſe weekly fragments ſhall paſſe for Hiſtory? Let the poor mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that knaws on the dull ſcalp of voluminous *Holinſhed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Prinne* would ſerve for a winding-ſheet for that mans works, like thick-skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing, but the authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who ſerved up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up ſuch a Hiſtorian as this in the bill of fare. He is the firſt tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparitive blew, like an Almanack well willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphleteer, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a Hiſtory, ſlinked before maturity; How ſhould he record the iſſues of time, who himſelf is an abortive? I will not ſay, but he may paſſe for an Hiſtorian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of a ſize of thoſe knot-graſſe profeſſors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet ſuitable enough to the preſent Univerſities, thoſe dry Nurſes, which the providence of the age has ſo fully reformed, that they are turned Reformadoes! But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxim obſerveable in theſe dayes,

dayes, that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Eſquire of the Quill; for he hath the grudging of *Hiſtory*, and ſome yawnings accordingly. Writing is a diſeaſe in him, and holds like a quotidian; ſo it is his infirmity that makes him an Author: as *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling ſickneſs to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer, who filed a chain ſo thin and light, that a flea could trail it (as if he had worked ſhort-hand, and taught his tooles to cypher) did but contrive an embleme for this skipjack, and his ſlight productions.

Me thinks the Turk ſhould licence Diurnalls, becauſe he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnalls is a wardrobe of fripery, it is a juſt idea of the Limbo of Infants I ſaw one once, that could write with his toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſhed he had worn his copies for ſocks; it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnals derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being ſhuffled out at the beds feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he crumble into elves of this profeſſion? *Legioned Pymme*, whoſe fleſh bred ſuch a world of Executors, as being made of the roe of a Herring, of nothing elſe but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more variety.

To

To ſupply this ſmalneſs they are fain to joyn forces, ſo they are not ſingly, but as the cuſtome is, In a Croaking committee; They tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they writ in the Poſture, that the *Sweeds* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is ſaid there is more of them goe to a ſuit of Cloaths than to *Britanicus*; in this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine, whoſe iſſue is lawfully begotten:

And here, I think, it were not amiſſe to take a particular, how he is accoutred, and ſo do by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed Mare, or the Crop-flea-bitten, give you the marks of the beaſt. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap ſhould make affidavit, that the brain was pregnant To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lie in ſo duly, in her white formalities! ſure ſhe hath hard labour; for the brows have ſpueazed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bonegrace, that film of a demicaſter, it is ſo thin and unctious, that the ſun-beams miſtake it for a vapour, and are like to cape him; ſo it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade, what ever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his ears; there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; thoſe of all Luggs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of

of the circumciſion, than braſs boſſes for a *Geneva Bible.* In what a puzzling neutrality is that poor ſoul that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous byaſſes? His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *bond*; it is the forlorn of his ſhirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his ſhirt were jogging, for it hath ſerved him an Apprentiſhip, and (as apprentices uſe) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week ſets up for it ſelf in the ſhape of a *Pamphlet.* His *Gloves* are the ſhavings of his hands, for he caſts his skin like a cancelled parchment, though itch repreſents the broken ſeals. His boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned he ſilver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boothoſe tops. For the reſt of his habit he is a perfect Seaman a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his courſe compoſition theſe Poledavies papers.

But I muſt draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnal-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my ſubject ſmells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Hiſtorian* imports a ſage and ſolemn Author, one that curles his brow with a ſullen gravity, like a Bull necked Presbyter, ſince the army hath got off his juriſdiction

riſdiction, who Presbyter-like ſweeps his breaſt with a reverend beard, full of native moſſe-troopers. Not ſuch a ſquirting ſcribe as this that is troubled with the Rickets, and makes penny worths of Hiſtory. The Colledge-Treaſury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, ſhut up there in a melancholly ſolitude, like one that is kept to keep poſſeſſion, had as good evidence to ſhew for his title, as he for an Hiſtorian: ſo if he needs will be an Hiſtorian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Hiſtorian Scot. Now a Scotchmans tongue runs high *Fullames*, there is a cheat in his Ideom; for the ſence ebbes from the bold expreſſion, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the Drawer interprets but half a pint. In ſumme, a *Diurnal-maker* is the anti-mark of an Hiſtorian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberiſh) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder-forth*.

FINIS.

CLEAVELANDS *PETITION* TO *Oliver Cromwell,* Late PROTECTOR.

May it please your Highness,

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity, *They have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where.* It is in this confidence, that I address to your Highness, as knowing no place in the Nation is so remote, as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no Prison so close, as to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My *Lord,* it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State

State, having wound my ſelf up in a private receſs, and my comportment to the publick, being ſo inoffenſive, that in all this time, neither fears nor jealouſies have ſcrupled at my Actions: Being about three months ſince at *Norwich*, I was fetched with a Gaurd before the Commiſſioners, and ſent Priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make inquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept as cloſe as my perſon,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cauſe of my confinement is the narrowneſs of my eſtate; *for none ſtand committed, whoſe eſtate can bail them*; I only am the Priſoner, who have no Acres to be my hoſtage. Now if my poverty be criminal (with Reverence be it ſpoken,) I muſt implead your *Highneſs*, whoſe victorious Arms have reduced me to it, as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it ſuffice my Lord, that the calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not puniſh us for it! *Who ever did penance for being raviſhed?* Is it not enough

that

that we are ſtript ſo bare, but it muſt be made in order to a ſevere laſh! muſt our skars be engraven with new wounds? muſt we firſt be made Criples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty! if it be a fault it is its own puniſhment; who ſuffers for it more, pays Uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your *Highneſs* put ſome bounds to our overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſe to the other world: Can your thunder be levelled ſo low as our grovelling Conditions? Can that towering Spirit, that hath quarried upon Kingdomes, make a ſtoop at us, who are the rubbiſh of thoſe ruins? Methinks I hear your former Atchievments interceeding with you not to ſully your glories with trampling on the proſtrate, nor clog the wheeles of your Chariot, with ſo degenerous a triumph. The moſt renowned *Heroes* have ever with ſuch tenderneſs cheriſhed their *Captives*, that their Swords did but cut out work for their courteſie: Thoſe that fell by their proweſs ſprung up by their favours, as if they had ſtruck them

down, onely to make them rebound the Higher. I hope your Highneſs, as you are the Rival of their fame, will be no leſs of their vertues; the nobleſt Trophy, that you can erect to your Honour is to raiſe the afflicted. And ſince you have ſubdued all oppoſition, it now remains, that you attach your ſelf, and with acts of mildneſs vanquiſh your victory. It is not long ſince. *My Lord*, that you knocked off the ſhackles from moſt of our party, and by a grand releaſe did ſpread your clemency as large as your territories. Let not new proſcriptions interrupt our Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be ſlandered as the Ambuſh of your further rigour. For the ſervice of his *Majeſty* (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive that my fidelity to my Prince ſhould taint me in your opinion; I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your favour; had not we been faithful to our *King*, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your

your Highneſs; you had then truſted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You ſee, my Lord, how much I preſume upon the greatneſs of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with ſo franke a Confeſſion, eſpecially in this, which I may ſo juſtly deny, that it is almoſt arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not Qualified enough to ſerve him; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his ſufferings, and give my ſelf up to be cheriſhed with his fal; thus my charge is double (my obedience to my Soveraign, and what is the reſult of that, my want of a fortune;) Now whatever reflections I have on the former; I am a true penitent for the latter; My *Lord* you ſee my crimes! As to my defence you bear it about you! I ſhall plead nothing in my juſtification, but your *Highneſs* Clemency, which as it is the conſtant inmate of a valiant breaſt (if you graciouſly pleaſe to extend it to your Supplicant in taking me out of this withering durance) your *Highneſs* will find that mercy will

eſtabliſh you more than power; though all the dayes of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auſpicious third of *September*.

Your Highneſs humble, and

ſubmiſſive Petitioner.

J. C.

Cleave.

CLEAVELANDS LETTER

To the Earl of

WESTMORLAND.

My Lord,

IT were high presumption in me not to be proud of this occasion; and I should be no less then a rebel to eloquence, if the lines you sent me had not raised me above my ordinary Level: So that to express my gratitude I must renounce my humility, and purchase one virtue at the price of another. And well may my modesty suffer in the service, when my reason it self is overwhelm'd with the favor: To see a person of your Lordships eminency possest of nobility by a double Tenure, both of birth and brain, so to bend his greatness, as to stoop to me, (who live in the vale both of parts and fortune) is so high an honour, that who justly considers it, if he be not stupidly senseless, will be senseless with extasie. I for my part am lost in amazements; and it is my interests to be so: for not know-

ing otherwiſe, how to give your preſent a fit reception, it is the beſt of my play to be beſides my ſelf in the action. You ſee (my Lord) how I empty my ſelf of my native faculty, to be ready for thoſe of your enſpirings, as the prophets of old in a ſacred fury ran out of their wits to make room for the Deity. I ſhall not need hereafter to digeſt my conceptions, I ſhall ſpeak by inſtinct: for when you deſigned to viſit me with your lofty Numbers, what was it elſe but to make me the Prieſt of your Lordſhips Oracle? ſuch is the ſtrength and ſpirits of your fancy, that me thought your Poems (like the richeſt wine) ſent forth a ſteam at the opening. What flowed from your brain fumed into mine: It was almoſt impoſſible to read your lines, and be ſober. You, you, (My Lord) are the favourite of the Muſes, your ſtrain is ſo happy, and hath the reputation for ſo matchleſs, as if you had a double key to the Temple of honour: to let in your ſelf and exclude competitours. It is you (My Lord) have cut the clouds, and reacht

reacht perfection: who having mounted the cliffe, lends an hand to me, who am labouring in the craggy aſcent; ſo towering are the praiſes you pleaſe to beſtow on me, and my deſerts ſo groveling, that to ſhew you my head is unworthy your hight, it is not able to bear ſtem, it grows giddy with the precipice: it pains me to be on the laſt of an Hyperbole; you do but crucifie my tender merits to diſtend it thus at length and breadth. Conſider, I pray you, that the leaneſt endowments would be plump and full thus blown up with a quil: and that there are ſome ſo dwarfiſh, whom the wrack will not ſtretch to a proper man. It is an excellent breathing for a puiſſant wit, to overbear the world in defence of a paradox: and a good Advocate will weather out a cauſe, when there is neither truth nor tackle to aſſiſt his invention. I perſwade my ſelf you had never undertaken to have writ my Panegyrick, but that you ſaw it was to combate with the tide, and to put your abilities to the utmoſt teſt in ſo unlikely

a ſubject. Little do you think what ſtore of oppoſers your opinion will breed you: for though you be ſo powerful in the art of perſwaſion, that ſhould you turn Apoſtate, there would need no more but to towl the bell for Religion: yet this is an Hereſie where you ſtand alone, and like *Scæva* in the breach, with your ſingle valour duel an Army.

Now, My Lord, if I be not miſtaken, I have found the motive that induced you to oblige me; you are tied by your Order to give protection to the weak and ſuccorleſs: ſo I muſt change mine addreſſes and thank your red Ribband for my commendations. Such and ſo many are the flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of that *Olimpick* Victor, who was ſtifled with Poſies caſt upon him in approbation of his worth; which fragrant fate, If I ſhould ſuſtain, what is there more to make me enamoured of Death, but that the ſame flowers ſhould ſtrew my Corps in a Funeral Oration? Could you think (My Lord) that the ſuppreſſing

ſing your name was able to conceal you, when it is eaſie to wind you by your phraſe? The ſweetneſs of the language diſcovered the Author: like that *Roman* Senatour, who, hiding himſelf in time of proſcription, his perfumes betraid him. But I ſhall not arreſt your lordſhip ſo far with a further interruption. My Lord, you have enobled me with your teſtimony and I ſhall keep your paper as the Patent of mine Honour. Yet give me leave to tell you; that among all the epithets you pile ſo artificially to build me a fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my ambition, and which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be eſteemed

SIR,

Your Honours, &c.

John Cleavland.

A Sigh.

FLy thou pretty active part
To the *Myſtris* of my heart?
Shew her how the tedious night
Sadly waſtes without delight,
How my waking ſoul divides
The ſilent day twixt ebbs and tides

Of hope and fear: How *Love* in me
Knows no meaſure or degree
Tell her all my feigned dreams
Of her injoyment, which in gleams
Of wiſhed bliſs I ſeem to ſee,
But waking prov'd a fallacy:

Contriv'd by death to Kill a Swain
More than half ready ſlain
Tell her all my ſecret fears,
What a length's in ſeven years;
And that my grief well underſtood,
Is worſe by far than Widow-hood?

How to ſee and not partake
Is but dying for her ſake,
Tell her more than I dare ſay,
Yet can think as well as they

That

That feel the freedome of that heat
Which I in contemplation beat.

And let her know *love* more delights
In action than in appetites.
Tell her burial and a wife
Untouched, are both things without life
And that too many heats and cold
Will make the best complexion old.

And when poor beauty's past its prime
The rest is out a sleeping time.
Tell her all those heights and graces,
Which are built in female faces,
Like the *Orbes* without their motions
Are but glorious pitied notions.

And in short without deceit
Love cannot for ever wait.
Pray her, pray her quickly yield,
Venus joy's to loose the field,
And in fetter'd twines to lie,
Working through love's *Mysterie*.

Where in thousand winding wayes
She can twist the lovers maze.

Where

Where with pleasing losse and pain
Ladies clip and to't again,
Mixing flesh with flames half gone,
Joyes first felt, then thought upon.

Tell her if she this deny,
Love only fed vvith air must dy.
Ask her vvhether groans and charms
Mid-night walks and folded arms
Be all she meant when first she slew
Me silly heart at second view?

And if a life be spent in woing,
Where's the time reserv'd for doing?
Now little sigh, if she at last
Chide and check thee with a cast
Of angrie looks like one that comes
To kindle love in sullen Tombes?

Return to me my pretty dear,
And I will hide thee in a tear.

FINIS.

A BRIEF

TABLE

Of the ſeverall Poems and contents of this Book.

The Senſes Feſtival Page 1
Fuſcara, *or the Bee-errant* 4
Julia *to expedite her promiſe* 7
The Hecatomb *to his Miſtreſs* 9
Upon Sir Thomas Martin 13
On Mr Edward King *drowned in the Iriſh Seas* 15
On the ſame 17
Upon an Hermaphrodite 18
The Authors Hermaphrodite 20
To the Hectors, upon the death of H. Compton 22
Square Cap 24
Upon Phillis, *walking before Sun-riſing* 26
Upon a Miſer that made a great feaſt, and the next day dyed for grief 28
A young man to an old Woman courting him 31
To Mr. K. T. *who askt him, why he was dumb* 33
A fair Nymph ſcorning a black Boy courting her 35
A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. *in the Oath.* 36
Smectimnuus, *or the club-Divines* 38
The mixt Aſſembly 42
The Kings diſguiſe 45

The

The Rebel Scot 49
The Scots Apostasie 54
Rupertismus 56
An Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford 62
Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis Straffordii, *&c.* 63
On the Archbishop of Canterbury 64
On J. W. *A B of* York 66
Mark Anthony 68
His Mock-song to Mark Anthony 70
How the Commencement grows new 71
The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbiter 73
The Antiplatonick 75
An Elegy upon Doctor Chaderton, *occasioned by his long deferred Funerall* 78
Maries Spikenard 79
Chronosticon decollationis Caroli Regis, *&c.* 81
An Elegy upon K. Charles 83
Asother on the same 86
Another on the same by the Earl of Montrose 88
The Publique Faith 89
A Lenten-Letany 91
The second part 94
A Hue and cry after the Reformation 96
A Committee 98
On the happy memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hanged himself* 101
Platonick Love 102
Christmas day; or the Shuttle of an inspired Weaver bolted against the order of the Church for its Solemnity 104

Piæ memoriæ Doctiſs. Reverendiſſimique in Chriſto Patris, *Johannis Prideaux* quam-noviſſime *Wigorniæ* Epiſcopi, harumque triſtiſſime lacrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti 106

Obſequies on that right reverend Father in God John Prideaux *late Biſhop of* Worceſter *deceaſed* 107

On the death of his Royal Majeſty Charls *late King of* England, *&c.* 112

An Epitaph 113

A Survey of the world 115

An old Man courting a young Girl 118

An Epitaph on his deceaſed Friend 122

Mount Ida, or, *Beauties Conteſt* 123

Upon a flye that flew into a Ladies eye, and there lay buried in a tear 126

Obſequies to the memory of the truly Noble, right Valiant, and right Honourable, Spencer *Earl of* Northampton, *ſlain at* Hopton *field in* Staffordſhire, *in the beginning of this civil War* 127

The London Lady 131

The Times 135

The Modle of new Religion 143

On Britanicus *his leap three ſtories high, and his eſcape from* London 145

Content 146

May-day 150

An Epig. to Doulus 153

Epigr. on the people of England 154

A Sing ſong on Clarinda's *Wedding* 155

The

The Mirtle-grove 161
To my honoured Friend Mr. T. C. *that ask'd me how I liked his Mistress being an old Widow* 163
The Engagement stated 165
Prælegenda *to a Poem*, viz. *The wife hater* 167
Vituperium uxoris, *or the wife hater* 170
An Elegy on Mr. John Cleaveland 176
Upon the pittiful Elegy writ lately on him; modestly taxed, and freely vindicated by the candid censure of an indeared Brother 178
The Character of a London Diurnal 180
The Character of a Country Committee man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator 190
A Letter to a friend, disswading him from his attempt to marry a Nun 197
Letters 203
The Character of a Diurnal-Maker 212
Cleavelands *Petition to* Oliver Cromwell, *late* Protector 219
Cleavelands *Letter to the Earl of* Westmorland 225
A Sigh 230

FINIS.